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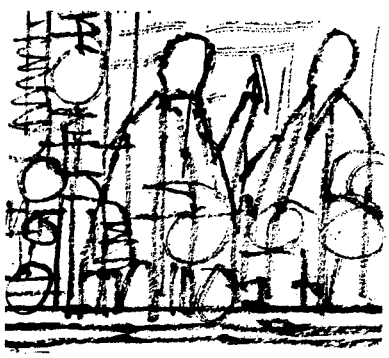
EDUCATION:

Professors as Bonus Babies
Leonard Kriegel



Blacks at Mainstream U.
Michael Rossman

Behavioralists on Campus
Neal Wood

Continued at Columbia
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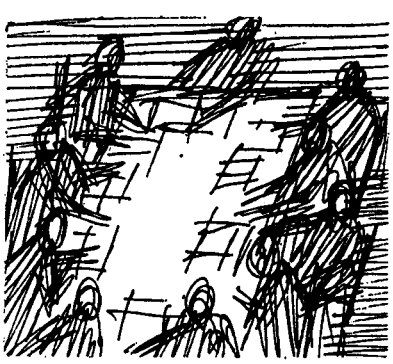
POLITICS:



Children's Crusade, a report
Charles Heckscher

Labor's Political Amnesia
Joseph Hill

Fortas and the High Court
An Editorial

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Once a priest, always a priest; hence the word "laicization" has to go in describing the process by which priests are declericalized in order to assume new roles in the community. So Father John A. Eidenschink, O.S.B., argued at the recent convention of the Canon Law Society of America.

Fine; but if reports are accurate, the suggestion comes after the fact. In granting petitions to leave the active ministry, the practice is growing for Rome to omit laicization references—less, it is figured, out of recognition of the legal fiction involved in the term's usage, than to eliminate legalistic obstacles in the way of returning to the priestly ministry men who are opting out.

There's a plausible ring to the reports. At the rate priests are resigning, as well as at the rate vocations are falling off, the Church has to be thinking of the possibility of reclaiming the services of those who are leaving—at least if there are to be priests enough in the not distant future to minister to all who want ministering to. In a word, there are pragmatic considerations to be taken into account.

Two new statistics point up the Church's fix:

—The Archdiocese of Philadelphia, once a garden-spot for vocations, has suffered a 68 percent drop in four years in candidates for the priesthood. In 1964, it admitted 94 candidates; this year, 30.

—Priest resignations have accelerated in the U.S. to 58 a month, a 31 percent increase over 1967; that according to the National Association for Pastoral Renewal. In 1967, a total of 480 priests left, by NAPR's conservative count; in the first eight months of this year, the number is already to 463. The total for the period since Jan. 1, 1966, is 1,183!

Suppression of the term laicization may be a small detail and a legalism all its own. Given the validity of reports, however, it is still a significant step, for it is indication that Rome is beginning to turn, even if obliquely, to the problem of reclamation and reactivation of the departed priest.

But Rome is not alone. Others are also confronting this issue, including, not surprisingly, many priests who have left the active ministry.

Recently in St. Louis, for instance, an organization was formed dedicated to the return of the so-called ex-priest to formal, recognized official duties on terms which he can accept. Known as the Society for a Free Ministry, the group numbers some 40 married priests, all of whom still see their vocations as ministers of the Word, and most of whom continue, despite official sanctions, to celebrate the liturgy and minister to small, informal communities.

The group has a national secretary (Patrick K. Best, 4863 Second Avenue, Detroit, Mich. 48201) and nine regional coordinators to assist in contacting and organizing membership around the country. "Looking forward to official recognition by the American bishops," the group pledges that it "will continue experimental ministries, serving God's people in new ways impossible to a parochial, clerical structure."

With a potential membership in the thousands, the group could precipitate a radical restructuring of the American Church. At least some are so convinced. Meanwhile, a national conference and regional seminars are planned for the winter to contact priests, married and single, interested in the flexibility and pluralism of an experimental ministry. The movement merits encouragement.

•

Eugene McCarthy describes the Presidential campaign in terms of a football game: when Nixon gets the ball, he punts on first down; when Humphrey gets the ball, he fumbles or is tackled by the coach.

How do Spiro Agnew and Edmund Muskie fit into the game? McCarthy neglected to tell. But Spiro's piece of the action is obvious: he's the substitute quarterback who doesn't know the plays or the opponent.

If he realized "soft on Communism" was a smear from the Joe McCarthy era, he would never have applied it to Hubert Humphrey, says Spiro. Well, he's penalized on two counts: he's not only muffed history but Hubert.

Hubert Humphrey soft on Communism? No sir; if anything's soft, it is the record on Humphrey.

The Humphrey who emerges from every biography—Michael Armine's idolatrous *This Is Humphrey* (1964), William Griffin's candid *Humphrey* (1965), Robert Sherrill's critical *The Drugstore Liberal* (1968)—is a Humphrey who out-bid and out-did Nixon and sometimes the late Joseph McCarthy in "witch-hunts" under the name of anti-Communism.

While Nixon focused on the *cause célèbre* of Alger Hiss and climbed over his body, Humphrey, biographers note, utilized "infiltration" issues to drive his non-Communist opponents out of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota. In 1954, in the *New York Times'* words, he "went altogether too far in leading the effort . . . to outlaw the Communist Party" in the U.S. In 1955 he was decrying John Foster Dulles for his softness on the American role in Indo-China. And for the past several years he has been ringing the changes on the Communist threat in Vietnam and Southeast Asia.

Soft on Communism? Not at all. Prototype of the American anti-Communist zealot? Indeed.

But Mr. Agnew can console himself; he wasn't the only one fooled. Mr. Humphrey, remember, was once the darling of the ADA. It woke up, too.

•

The National Catholic Cemetery Conference plans a nine-day tour this Fall to Puerto Rico, Haiti and the Virgin Islands. Among the "dignitaries" who will receive the travelers is the President of Haiti, François Duvalier. Which seems appropriate enough. If anyone in Haiti knows something about death and cemeteries, it's old Papa Doc.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

An Author Replies

All Souls, Oxford

To the Editors: Prolonged arguments about the assassination of President Kennedy are likely to be tedious to all except the disputants themselves. So I resist the temptation to answer at full length Professor Josiah Thompson's review [May 10] of my little book *After the Assassination*.

Professor Thompson finds my book superficial, pompous, fatuous, and full of "argument by insult"; he has not a good word to say for it. In return, I can honestly declare that I found his book *Six Seconds in Dallas* serious, temperate, modest and in the main sensible; it is when he reaches the kernel of the affair and seeks to analyze the circumstances of the actual shooting that his lack of judgment betrays itself; at that crucial point he has recourse to theoretical calculations that have no applicability to the subject-matter, and his armchair treatment of the evidence leads to conclusions that present an appearance of scientific certainty that is quite delusive. The purpose of this letter, however, is not to criticize his book, but to deal with two points that Professor Thompson adduces in his letter as prime evidence of my "fatuity."

1) I wrote "If it is hard to believe that Oswald hit his target in two out of three quick shots, it is harder still to suppose that two men, more than 100 yards apart and unable to see or communicate with each other . . . could have synchronized their fire so perfectly; and it is hardest of all to imagine that conspirators would have allowed the success of their plan to depend on such a feat of synchronization." Professor Thompson ridicules this with a scornful reference to my Army service during the last war: perhaps in my regiment, he says, "an ambush was unknown"; "in other armies," he continues, "ambushes are brought off with considerable regularity and no great difficulty: the various gunmen simply

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BIRTH CONTROL CRISIS

The papal encyclical on birth control is clearly bringing to a head the long-simmering crisis of authority in the Church. In a few countries the national hierarchies have taken a moderate position; the German, Dutch and Belgian bishops have in effect told their people to take the encyclical seriously in forming their consciences, but at the same time have made it clear that *Humanae Vitae* is not the only thing that must be taken into account. The possibility that priests and people may come to conclusions different from those of Pope Paul is not denied.

Not so in the United States, of course, at least in the instances that are receiving publicity. There may be bishops who are quietly letting their priests follow their own consciences in carrying out their pastoral duties, but proponents of the hard line seem to be dominating the scene. Thus in Washington Cardinal O'Boyle even suspended Father T. Joseph O'Donoghue for reading from the pulpit the views of theologians and other hierarchies on this matter, as well as Cardinal O'Boyle's; there may be diversity of opinion in the Church, but apparently the people in the Washington archdiocese are not supposed to hear about it.

It is hardly necessary to say that we are completely opposed to the tactics being followed by Cardinal O'Boyle and others, tactics which will inevitably result in forcing conscientious priests out of the active ministry. Priests in the United States have long been treated too much like children, patted on the head for good behavior but exiled if they in any detail question the way their bishop exercises his authority; the present crisis simply provides a dramatic illustration of this basic reality. Such procedure is inexcusable at any time; in a time when there is a growing shortage of priests and a vocation crisis it is preposterous. The Washington priests were willing to

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accept the arbitration of an impartial committee nominated by the National Conference of Bishops, a minimum fair procedure, surely, but their request was denied.

In the crucial situation in which the Church now finds itself, not only here but in many parts of the world, the Pope could be of great help, mediating, reconciling, bringing extremes together. With regret, however, it must be said that this is exactly what he is not doing. Instead he has seized every recent opportunity to sharpen conflicts and further polarize an already divided Church, by constant warnings against ill-defined excesses, by less than graceful references to "selfishness" and "egoism" on the part of parents who fear large families, by unbecoming calls for prayer for those who do not agree with him, and, most recently, by condemnation of those who joined in "collective and concerted protests" over his encyclical—"collective and concerted" endorsements are approved, even sought by Rome, but the joint statement by hundreds of theologians against the reasoning in the encyclical is not to be permitted.

The Pope, we fear, is being badly advised, and at this writing no man can say where this matter will end. That a situation like this should arise over what is, theologically speaking, such a relatively minor matter as birth control is incredible. One can only hope that a sense of proportion will return to the Church and its leaders, and it is here that one must hope that the Pope will come to see the harm that is being done in his name and will take the lead in a great work of reconciliation. It is one of the major ironies of the present situation that Pope Paul himself obviously wants nothing so much as to pass on the authority of the papacy to his successors unchanged. This he cannot do, of course; no Catholic denies authority to the papacy, but it is right that the generally held conception of that authority should change, for there has been too much glorified papalism in recent decades. To say this is not to deny the authority of the Pope but to urge its assertion in correct form. But if the Pope is to do his part in preserving the proper sphere of authority for himself and those who come after him, as he should, it is essential that he become a peacemaker in the Church, and soon. The course he and ultramontane followers like Cardinal O'Boyle are presently following can lead only to disaster, and those who respect and cherish the role of Peter in the Church, as we do, should be among the first to say so.

FORTAS AND THE COURT

As this is written, the nomination of Associate Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice of the United States stumbles onto the floor of the Senate. And how expedient, if debate there could be limited to Mr. Fortas' qualifications. For better and for worse, it won't be. Mr. Fortas' extra-juridical activities; the contingency arrangement by which Chief Justice Warren's resignation becomes effective upon Mr. Fortas' Senate confirmation; the by-play inevitable in a Presidential election year—factors such as these make the Fortas debate impossible to manage and guarantee bitter recriminations, whichever way the Senate decides.

The pity is that the Fortas debate could be extremely salutary, for it provides a classic opportunity to reexamine basic tenets of the American system: the advise and consent functions of the Senate; the checks-and-balances relationship between the executive and judicial branches; the nature of the Presidency itself. However, substantive topics sank during committee hearings into the quagmire of partisan politics, religious innuendo and irrelevant legal review, and nothing, it seems, can rescue matters.

With countless Americans we stand in awe of Mr. Fortas' juridical talents, and only wish that these talents comprised the issue central to his confirmation. It would make everything so much easier. But there are other factors. Mr. Fortas' participation in the drafting of Presidential programs and his injudicious championing of controversial Administration policies quicken worries over his nomination, not in terms of the integrity of the Court, but with respect to its essential intellectual and emotional independence. These worries are sensitized by the thought that the nation is moving into a legal era, when, among the great questions before the High Court, will be challenges to the power of the Presidency.

Mr. Fortas' colleague on the Supreme Court, William O. Douglas, ushered in that day when, a few weeks ago, he began extending stays to groups of reservists ticketed for duty in Vietnam, which stays will be taken up by the High Court after it reconvenes on Oct. 7. The fate of the Douglas stays is perhaps predictable, but the fact that there should even be grounds for their consideration points up the dilemma over Mr. Fortas.

The legal challenge in these cases is directed specifically to a 1966 law permitting the calling up of reservists without a declaration of war or national emergency. But obliquely the challenge is to Presidential authority. Furthermore, other challenges are likely, to the point that the net effect could be to bring under total review the whole concept of Presidential power.

The crucial question surrounding the Fortas nomination thus narrows to whether Mr. Fortas, as one who through associations with a President has helped move Presidential power to and, in the opinion of some, beyond constitutional limits disqualifies himself from the post of Chief Justice by bringing into doubt the quality of juridical openness on issues touching Presidential prerogatives. It is this consideration which should be foremost in the minds of those sitting in judgr ent on Mr. Fortas, and the only point which they need seek reassurance preliminary to extending their confirmation. Our hunch is that Mr. Fortas is an open man; by the same token, the stakes are too high to rely on hunches.

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INTELLECTUAL CRISIS

ENGLAND AND THE ENCYCLICAL

Humanae Vitae has been greeted in England with much the same mixture of bewilderment, hurt and satisfaction as in other countries. It is impossible to be sure what the proportions of the ingredients in the blend may be. This would in any case be pretty impossible to determine; but the question is made more difficult by the absence of freedom of discussion throughout the Church, though there have been some bishops who have encouraged freedom of discussion and some Catholic periodicals, notably *The Tablet* and the *Catholic Herald*, that have been treated roughly by the *bien pensants* for their hospitality to views critical of the encyclical.

I am writing this on the eve of a general meeting of the bishops of England and Wales. Almost certainly some kind of statement on the question of contraception will be issued after it and almost certainly the statement will be a compromise. Some bishops, notably the archbishops of Southwark and Cardiff, greeted the encyclical with extreme pleasure. It seemed to them a timely assertion of ecclesiastical authority, the first sign of the rolling back of that libertarian advance set in motion during John XXIII's pontificate, an advance they have always deplored. The terms of the Southwark pastoral were so offensive—it spoke of "false and devious advisers who gave [the faithful] unfounded hope"—that some priests, not only those critical of the encyclical, refused to read it or omitted the more offensive passages. The member of the hierarchy who has shown the greatest pastoral concern has been Archbishop Beck of Liverpool, who has deprecated premature statements on either side and has encouraged the clergy and the laity of the archdiocese to discuss the matter over a period of time. The Cardinal of Westminster has disappointed some and pleased others by not siding with those running a hard line. He has instead argued that it is unrealistic to expect those whose practice of contraception is habitual to give it up overnight. They are to be encouraged to stay in the Church and to frequent the sacraments. There are certainly some others, perhaps Bishops Butler and Worlock are the outstanding examples, who will support Archbishop Beck in practice, though their general standpoint may be more radical than his. They can scarcely be happy over the circumstances in which the encyclical was prepared and issued, circumstances that are now generally known here through an account given by Father Bernard Häring and published in *The Tablet*.

The crisis over *Humanae Vitae* resembles some earlier crises in the history of the Church. One thinks of the Syllabus, of the way in which the ultramontanes under Pio Nono treated attachment to the temporal power as the mark of orthodoxy, above all perhaps of the Modernist crisis under St. Pius X when men were excommunicated or suspended or had their works proscribed in the seminaries on account of views in matters of Biblical criticism that would be taken as not at all surprising in the Church today. The modernist opposition to *Lamentabili* and *Pascendi* was ineffective. Laymen such as Von Hügel were left undisturbed but the clergy were harried and silenced by the curial terror organized by Monsignor Benigni.

The present crisis is fundamentally different. Freedom of discussion in the Church is something Catholics are now habituated to, something without which they would not recognize the Church as the Church; the issue is now seen to be no longer just the issue, important as it is, of contraception, but rather the issue of the nature of the Church's magisterium, the role and authority of the papacy in relation to the episcopate and the *sensus fidelium,* the place in theology of certain concepts, e.g., "natural law," and so on. On all these matters the documents of Vatican II seemed to open up new lines of development. The Credo of the People of God and *Humanae Vitae* are attempts to overcome what is without doubt a severe intellectual crisis by a return—only partial, in fact, in the case of the encyclical which is a document very much poised between two worlds—to those scholastic models that were examined and rejected by the Theological Commission at Vatican II.

Even the most repressive authorities seem to recognize this, for if to reject *Humanae Vitae* were equivalent to rejecting the solemn magisterium of the Church, then the appropriate penalty would be excommunication, not, as has happened in a small number of cases, suspension. More. In the past people who have differed from the teaching of the magisterium in a serious way have voted with their feet, that is, they have left the Church. But this has not happened over *Humanae Vitae*. Most of the dissenters have no thought of leaving the Church. The implication must be, not that they think they can as Catholics flout the magisterium, but that they reject *Humanae Vitae* on the ground that it is not an authentic utterance of the magisterium. This is why the present crisis is not at bottom over contraception but over the nature of ecclesiastical authority. If there is anything in this view, then what we need is not polemic and certainly not a toughening of ecclesiastical discipline but rather a period of theological reflection; and this can only take place in an atmosphere of freedom.

This last point is recognized in one of the most refreshing documents to come out of the discussion in Eng-

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land. A number of religious and diocesan clergy, including the Prior of Blackfriars, the Abbot of Caldey, two Benedictines engaged in parish work, two university chaplains, have appealed to clergy interested in free discussion in the following terms:

"Recent events in the Church have served to highlight the deep-rooted problems inherent in the attempt, initiated by Pope John XXIII, to bring about an *aggiornamento* in the Church. One thing that is above all essential to such a renewal is the sort of freedom for open and sincere discussion that seemed to be becoming possible at the time of the Second Vatican Council. We do not here wish to assert any particular opinion about *Humanae Vitae*, but we do view with concern the apparent fear of openness that has been revealed by the reactions of some authorities towards those priests who have felt bound in conscience to express dissatisfaction with that encyclical. We are also concerned to note that there is no clear indication of the volume of support there is among priests and religious for what has been called an 'open Church.' "

After requesting priests and religious in agreement with the idea of an "open Church" to send their names, the statement ends: "We do not ask anyone to commit himself or herself to any specific views about current problems; only to a belief that the health and future of the Church depends on our ability to dispel the fear of change, of frankness, of freedom."

Meanwhile, the debate continues. It does indeed continue. That it does continue and will continue is the first major sign that the practice as distinct from the theory of Catholicism has been decisively changed by the events of the past ten years. The coming to maturity of the Catholic body was bound to be painful and we shall be fortunate if we encounter no more severe crisis than that provoked by *Humanae Vitae*. J. M. CAMERON

(J. M. Cameron, English correspondent for Commonweal, *is a professor of philosophy and Master of Rutherford College in the University of Kent at Canterbury.)*

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LABOR FORGETS ITS PAST

POLITICAL AMNESIA

The picture showing the most cops, kids, nightsticks and chaos on Michigan Avenue the night of Hubert Humphrey's nomination has only one landmark: a lurid neon sign spelling THE HAYMARKET through the night clouded by tear gas, mace and television lights.

If the name and the events that shocked much of middle-class America had any historical irony to several hundred union delegates who frequented the Hilton Hotel cocktail lounge the next week, it was soon lost. Members of the International Association of Machinists, they were more interested in the Haymarket's waitresses, reputed to be "rejects" from Hefner's Playboy Clubs.

They had enough of this hippie and Yippie nonsense anyway. The convention issue of their publication, *The Machinist,* had proudly headlined "IAM Convention Delegates Bring Peace to Chicago." They had been stirred by a hard-hitting speech which pretty well summed up their feelings: "I know what you would do with this dirty-necked and dirty-mouthed group of kooks—to be very frank, I am afraid that you might 'overreact!' "

The speaker might have been George Wallace, but instead it was George Meany. Both are in agreement, however, that Chicago's beefy finest did a splendid job. The Machinists agreed, passed a resolution "commending Mayor Daley for his conduct and actions." And at New York's upstate resort of Kiamesha Lake, the president of the 2-million-member state AFL-CIO told the opening day assembly of his convention that he saw "hardly anything wrong" with the actions taken by the Chicago Police Department.

As if to underscore just how far American labor has traveled since the Haymarket riot in 1886, it took a Republican Senator to remind the New York AFL-CIO delegates of their own history. It was 82 years ago that other troops were called out in Chicago, Senator Jacob Javits recalled. They were backing up police swinging the same kind of nightsticks as in 1968, only that time the people in the streets of the city of Chicago were not demonstrating for peace but were Pullman workers striking for a living wage.

"Beware of taking up the easy cry of law and order," he said, "and then having it applied to you." But if memories of Haymarket Square have been dimmed because of its ancient past, there are still union men working today who can remember the same cop's nightstick, the tear gas and the National Guard bayonet of the 1930's. All the sadder, then, when a conference of Steelworkers from the Youngstown, Ohio, area, meeting on the campus of Kent State University, heard an appeal for "law and order" similar to that George Meany gave to the Machinists' convention.

Within an hour's driving time to the scene of the Little Steel massacre of 1937—when Republic Steel's goons and gunmen had killed two, wounded 27 and gassed hundreds of the men who had formed their union—the Steelworkers applauded praise for the club-swinging "response" of the Chicago police (the same Chicago police who killed ten demonstrating Steelworkers near the South Chicago Works of Republic, and who crunched their nightsticks on countless other heads in the name of

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the public order). Again, they were reminded of their own too-recent history not by a union leader, but by a local Catholic priest who delivered the invocation.

Gene McCarthy called them "old labor people, who like buffaloes dug in and put their heads down." But there were enough of them to help carry the show for Hubert Humphrey on the convention floor. What dismayed many liberal delegates, however, was not so much the machine uniformity that they reflected in their support for Humphrey, but the almost slavish manner in which they fell into line at state caucuses and on the floor when the credentials tests came. Labor leaders, steeped in 20 years of rhetoric of civil rights and voting rights, found themselves voting for the status quo, for Southern Bourbons and racists in the Georgia, Alabama and Texas delegations.

The few second-echelon labor leaders who have found that they could survive politically and still dissent with top leadership on Vietnam have now expressed fears that the *cul-de-sac* of Meany-Lovestone foreign policy in domestic political action may now result in the sacrifice of half-a-score of liberal incumbents in the Senate this November. For despite earlier denials of policy-makers of the Committee on Political Education (COPE) that labor would not distinguish between liberal doves and Administration supporters in making available labor money and men for the campaigning, there are indications that the opposite may be true.

Al Barkan, the evangelical hell-raiser for COPE, hits the stump telling labor audiences "what this labor movement can do once it wakes up and gets moving." Barkan likes to cite the primary defeat of Ohio's reactionary Frank Lausche as a case in point, but what he does not say is that the attractive and articulate Democratic maverick that labor backed in that contest has now fallen from favor. His defection—by Meany and Barkan politics—occurred when he refused to support Humphrey in the Ohio caucus prior to the convention, and later with his active support of the minority Vietnam plank and his sympathy for the demonstrators who were being worked over by the cops so admired by Meany.

Gilligan and COPE and everybody else have denied the reported termination of labor cash (including a stop-payment order by Barkan on a $10,000 COPE check sent prior to the Ohio caucus) and support, but Gilligan aides admit that the candidate has been canceled out at a few labor meetings and that not a few state AFL-CIO people have bad-mouthed him in public. The *New York Times* quoted an unnamed official at the Washington COPE headquarters as saying after the convention that (GOP Attorney General and Senatorial candidate William) "Saxby looks good to me now."

Gilligan's fellow doves who engineered the minority plank position at Chicago may experience similar letdowns in expected labor support. Not all state AFL-CIO leadership or COPE functionaries are as hell-bent for such a death wish, but the inextricable fact remains that virtually all of the nominally COPE-endorsed Senate candidates this year are either moderate-or-outspoken doves, whose support of McCarthy or McGovern prior to or during the convention has made them eligible for the same strange rule of reasoning which has befallen Ohio's Gilligan.

They range from Iowa's Hughes, who nominated McCarthy, and Connecticut's Ribicoff, who nominated McGovern, to pioneer Senate war critics: Clark of Pennsylvania, Morse of Oregon, Church of Idaho, Nelson of Wisconsin (as well as McGovern in his own South Dakota). They include Gilligan-type New Democrats like Clark in Illinois, Cranston in California and Eagleton in Missouri. And while New York AFL-CIO leaders may feel more comfortable with Republican incumbent Javits (despite his active campaigning for Nixon) than with way-out dove Paul O'Dwyer, Javits too is now a vocal Vietnam critic.

Labor conventions may ignore history in relating Haymarket or more recent Memorial Day and Little Steel massacres to the same old rule of the nightstick on Michigan Avenue. It remains to be seen, however, if it can for long reject current history in Vietnam, so quickly recognized by the people it admits must return to the Senate next year.

JOSEPH HILL

(Joseph Hill is a pseudonym for a journalist specializing in labor affairs.)

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CAMPUS TURMOIL

CONTINUED AT COLUMBIA

Entering freshmen at Columbia were handed mimeographed sheets last week each time they passed through the university gates at 116th and Broadway. "Join us," they read. "Our struggle will continue in the coming months. None of our demands have [sic] been met. The only response of the Columbia administration to our demands has been police violence, a continuation of summary discipline, a maze of powerless committees, and legal reprisals . . ."

One of these documents, distributed by the SDS-dominated strike-coordinating committee, urged freshmen to attend a "get-together" at strike-coordinating headquarters near the university. The language of the invitation is similar to that used by campus social groups.

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It's difficult to guess what the fall holds for Columbia. The SDS intend to keep up the pressure, but will probably not call for a student boycott until it has measured the mood of returning students—and seems assured of a substantial base of support. The administration, which feels that it has gone a long way toward meeting the spring demands of the strikers, hopes the mass of moderate students will be more interested in studying than in closing down the university.

The question on everyone's mind here is: how many moderate students will, after having made a healthy down-payment on their $2,100 tuition, refuse to attend class if there is a call for resumption of the student strike?

In studying urban riots, sociologists have found that ghetto communities are mentally and emotionally exhausted following periods of civil disorder. Thus, there are rarely riots in the same neighborhood in two successive summers. Perhaps a similar syndrome applies to a university that has undergone real violence.

Surprisingly, the Columbia situation appears to have had little educational effect on other American campuses. It has been useful in silencing alumni critical of the lack of discipline at old Siwash ("Our trouble is nothing compared to Columbia"). But there exists a tendency among administrators and faculty members at other institutions to attribute Columbia's difficulties to special local conditions—the attempt to build a gym in a Harlem park or the intransigence of Grayson Kirk. Some blame it on a well-coordinated, long-planned SDS plot. (SDS members everywhere laugh at the latter suggestion. It gives them credit for much more efficiency than they have ever been able to muster—though they have no shortage of plans for every major campus.)

The basic SDS philosophy has received little attention in the "straight" press, perhaps obscured by the gym and Dr. Kirk. As Columbia SDS chairman Mark Rudd has attempted to explain countless times, the SDS is not particularly interested in trying to reform Columbia. SDS wants the entire social order and economic system overhauled. "It is impossible to have an honest university in a basically dishonest society," he often says. He views the Columbia turmoil as a mechanism to educate students and the public to the "corrupt and exploitative" nature of American society. "We're in a pre-revolutionary period, a time of education," he once told me. He and other SDS leaders are fond of comparing our society to a tree which needs new roots, not merely repairs on a branch.

Thus, the SDS philosophy is aimed at every major U.S. university, especially those with a plethora of government contracts or those with prestigious schools, such as Columbia's School for International Affairs, which obviously help preserve and promote the established order.

The key to a successful protest effort is, of course, the support of moderate students. It was the widely-supported student strike in the last month of spring classes that really brought Columbia to its knees—far more than the six-day seizure of buildings. To obtain this moderate student support, the revolutionaries must either choose popular and easily explained issues, then capitalize on administrators' reactions to their demonstrations—or they must mobilize existing discontent on campuses. There exists on American campuses today a ready-made powder-keg for the SDS fuse. In the past two years, there has been a rapidly-growing, better-articulated dissatisfaction, even bitterness, over the quality of the learning experience. The recent annual convention of the National Student Association at Manhattan, Kansas, was filled with discussion of this specific discontent. This factor, combined with a general disillusionment among masses of students about the democratic process and the viability of our society, makes the situation explosive indeed.

Very little is being done by university administrators and faculty members to defuse it. The kids themselves have founded experimental colleges at several hundred campuses—to demonstrate with alternative models the kind of learning they consider meaningful. And the NSA, which has a more sophisticated view of the university power structure than the simplistic top-down version of the SDS, is pushing hard to organize educational reform on a nationwide basis. NSA headquarters in Washington recently received a $315,000 grant from the Ford Foundation (which is intensely concerned over the vacuity of American higher education) to found a center for Promotion of Educational Reform. Still, this will probably not be enough to stifle the unease over the educational experience that could fuel a widespread series of assaults on campuses this fall.

At Columbia, some change occurred over the summer. Work on the controversial gymnasium has been halted, and will resume only with the agreement of the university's Harlem neighbors. President Kirk has retired. Acting President Andrew W. Cordier has been allowed by the trustees, to "play Santa Claus," as the kids put it, lifting suspensions of 42 protesters and asking the courts to drop criminal trespass charges against 400 students arrested as police cleared the five student-held buildings last spring. About 30 others, including Chairman Rudd, remain suspended, and 154 face more serious charges such as resisting arrest or inciting a riot.

At least half a dozen groups, representing faculty, students and trustee efforts, are working on plans to alter Columbia's basic governing and operating structure. The results of these efforts will (or may) give students a larger voice in shaping their education. Too little similar work is occurring at campuses not under immediate siege. JAMES W. BRANN

(James W. Brann, a reporter for The Chronicle of Higher Education, *has contributed to* The New Republic, The Nation *and* The National Observer.*)*

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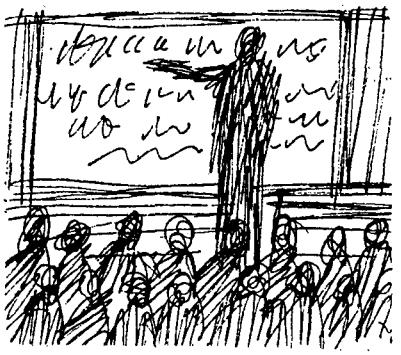
PROFESSORS AS BONUS BABIES

Will the real Joe Namath please step forward?

LEONARD KRIEGEL



Like so many other children of the Depression, I have bent the knee before two different thrones for most of my life. It is not by accident that my generation of Americans found in professional football its own rhetoric for violence, for we were brought up to worship both physical strength and mental agility.

Along with my peers, I found myself hungrily devouring newspaper accounts of astronomical sums dangled before quarterbacks and tackles when the two major football leagues were frantically bidding against one another for the transient affections of the American male. To those proletarian warriors who, like me, felt their throats go dry when Tommy Nobis finally signed for a reputed $750,000, I have the following suggestion: if you secretly yearn for the smell of high finance, then turn your attention to the groves of academe, where a new kind of bidding is now in progress. Linebackers and Keatsians, quarterbacks and theoretical physicists—the equation is obvious enough. When Arthur Schlesinger Jr., descended on New York's golden streets, he looked very much like Joe Namath departing Bear Bryant's Alabama for Sonny Werblin's Idea-Whose-Time-Has-Come-in-the-Borough-of-Queens. Schlesinger's appointment as Schweitzer Professor of History (alas, poor Albert) at the CUNY (City University of New York, a thriving 42nd Street firm with quarters umbilically linked to Stern's Department Store) brings with it a combined salary and expense account of $100,000 per year. In this world, as Sonny Werblin understands so well, money is subtle, spirit is brutal, and style is obligation.

Namath himself is a desperately courageous man. He must be to spend so many Sunday afternoons on his back, looking up at the bleak New York sky while grown men try to destroy him. It's never anything personal. Just death. Schlesinger is probably just as courageous, but his job is quieter and less immediately threatening. He teaches one or two courses at the 42nd Street graduate center. How well he teaches is beside the point. For it is just as ridiculous to assume that he is being paid like a corporation executive to teach history as it would be to assume that Sonny Werblin gave Joe Namath all that money to stimulate New York's night life. Namath is paid to throw passes and Schlesinger is paid to write books, appear on television with Bill Buckley and other sages, and inspire confidence throughout the academic world that the CUNY is a first-rate "grad school" where some rather important people are delving into the mysteries of some rather intriguing subjects.

Neither Namath nor Schlesinger is limited to the benefits of his immediate salary. Namath, for instance, may choose to endorse shaving cream, soap, all sorts of deodorants, footballs, soft drinks, fruit juice, cigarettes, beer, and assorted other items of commerce which keep the nation's wheels humming. Schlesinger's area of exploitation is somewhat more limited. He can, of course, endorse movies, but no one would ask him to endorse a shaving cream and it is doubtful that any such endorsement, coming from a professor, would be valuable. "If I was smart, I would've been a doctor," a linebacker for the Bears is reported to have said. "But I'm not smart. So I'm a football player." Other than in its affairs abroad, America remains relatively pragmatic, at least as countries go nowadays, and rarely do we permit the madness of our vision to interfere with what is and what is not possible. What Schlesinger can do is to lecture throughout

LEONARD KRIEGEL, *a professor of English at City College of New York, is presently in Europe on a study grant.*

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the country for what the profession refers to as "gratuities." CCNY (the City College of New York, a not-too-thriving Harlem firm) is one of the components of CUNY, but a group of graduate students of English who banded together to invite Professor Schlesinger to address them during his first year as Schweitzer Professor learned that the relationship was basically theoretical. They received a letter from Professor Schlesinger's agent informing them that the man himself—not the agent—would be happy to address them had he but world enough and time. The fee quoted, I am told, was more than $1,000.

As a loyal American, I am all for anyone's right to pump the cow for all the milk he can get. But this kind of thing leaves me decidedly uneasy, for it portends a national spiritual disaster. I shiver when I think how appalled I would be were Joe Namath to demand an extra $1,000 each time he stepped on Shea Stadium's well-sodded turf. One signs a contract and he plays for that salary. What he earns on the side—well, that's *his* business. But God help The American Way, The Free World, Academic Freedom, and The Future of the Profession if such practices become widespread. According to one of Professor Schlesinger's distinguished colleagues, the American businessman offers us "his career and his ideals" as "an allegory of an American idea of community." We do not need Marx to update the analogy—it is all too uncomfortably apparent.

As for Kriegel . . .

Professor Schlesinger's agent may simply have accepted the academic world for what it is. I myself have a more difficult time. Ostensibly, I am paid to teach. And the health of body and soul, that Platonic unity for which I so manfully strive, derives from this simple fact. And I like to teach. In all modesty, I am a fairly good teacher. Still, the horns are visible, since, as any New Critic knows, cuckoldry is rarely a mere matter of flesh. The truth is that it is not necessary that I teach well in order to earn my keep. My department chairman would be laughed out of the nearest MLA (Modern Language Association) cocktail party were he to say anything so banal as, "Kriegel is a good teacher." Or perhaps he simply would not be understood. "That is not what I meant at all," says Prufrock's beloved. Academic Rule of Thumb Number 1: *You pay for what you get.* In the paying, you simply depict what you are. No self-respecting chairman of any department is going to speak about the teaching talent or lack of talent his department possesses. He will tell you of books published; he will rattle off articles authored; he will boast of scholarly congresses addressed. He bibliographs his bid for immortality.

Department chairmen know what is and what is not marketable. They understand the direction in which the higher learning in America has moved and they recognize the peripheral relationship existing between university and student. Not only is it not important that I teach well, one of the first pieces of advice some younger teachers receive is not to perform "excessively well" in the classroom. If one performs too well, he discovers that students make demands upon his time, colleagues view him with suspicion, and his productivity and marketability have been drastically reduced. The very existence of the university may be threatened. To see students in perspective is to see them as the troublesome but somehow necessary manifestations of the order of God's invisible kingdom, rather like the needles on a cactus plant. First things first. I recall sitting in a cafe in Paris with a professor from Berkeley in April, 1965. His voice filled with genuine emotion as he spoke of the Berkeley riots, he said, "I really can understand those kids. But what *are* we to do?" Unable to answer his own passion, he left me an hour later in order to fly to Washington where he was to serve a week or two in what he modestly called "a consultative capacity" for the Pentagon.

In my effort to become a creature of more unified sensibilities, I find a number of barriers standing in my way. There is, to begin with, the model of success which the academy offers me. What is called "scholarship" may never have been intended as a marketable commodity, but it is certainly as marketable in America today as a talent in engineering. If, as Theodore Roszak writes, "The world-as-it-is has become increasingly generous to its academics," it has become especially generous to those whose inquiries into the nature of things represent the current coin in intellectual currency. Nor is this based upon faith, creed, color or even politics. Conor Cruise O'Brien may be as qualified to serve as our quarterback as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. So widespread is the hunger for scholarly eminence that if a new Veblen were to arise from our midst and write *The Higher Learning in America,* he would find himself deluged by offers to serve as scholar-in-residence by many of the universities whose systems he indicts. Absorption is the great weapon of our universities; in itself, this is highly creditable. What is disturbing are the reasons for such absorption. Capable of subsidizing any position from Marxist to Luddite, our universities cannot be accused of a desire to avoid controversy. They wax fat on controversy, as long as it provides grist for the scholarly mill. But controversy whose significance is scholarly and marketable. Ay, there's the rub. For controversy, too, must indicate *research* (that academic holy of holies). Controversy must be made to appear objective and detached (tell it like it is, but mellow it just a little). Controversy must be made acceptable to The Community of Scholars (whose kingdom, we wonder, on whose hill?).

And yet, there *is* Auerbach's *Mimesis* and Matthiessen's *American Renaissance.* Scholarship, too, possesses the purity of its own lines. Perhaps my complaint is no more than a product of my confusion. Inevitably, I have

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evolved into a creature who measures himself by the same point spread used by his colleagues. And I have never met anyone in any English department in this country who will confess to me that it is as important to read Jefferson as it is to read Spenser. (O my America, my new found land!) Even today, when our civilization threatens to imitate its universities by absorbing the entire world, American Studies exists outside of "the tradition," still greeted with raised eyebrows and such cocktail-cute remarks as, "I didn't know America *had* a civilization." A simple but logical system. Spenser is "a grad school poet," whose depths may still be sounded for a multitude of doctoral dissertations, whereas Jefferson did little more than help frame both the ideals and conflicts with which this nation has existed and through which it may yet succeed in destroying itself. Should such a destruction occur, English professors may discover that they can approach Jefferson in much the same manner as they now read Burke or Marcus Aurelius, neither one of whom is "a grad school poet." For our academic seers, either America is the realization of the whole Platonic Idea or else it looms over our lives like some protoplasmic massivity threatening the purity of European intellectualism. *Le grand Charles* is not alone. I know men who believe Whitman is a box of chocolates, who have never heard of Buckminster Fuller, but who speak with crisp authority when they tell me which Parisian intellectual is making it with which London demiurge.

It would be refreshing were one able to write that such intellectual rigidity represents loyalty to the kind of cultural theology one finds in Leavis and Eliot. Unfortunately, it wouldn't be true. For this is, rather, loyalty to a system, which, like all systems, is at once economic, social and intellectual. Pragmatic and zealous as the culture it pretends to avoid, it confronts itself with sedulous outbursts of mediocrity. The barn may be burning, but unless the horses to be rescued offer themselves for research and scholarship they are not worth saving. Invisibility envelops even the visible. I ply my trade in the center of Harlem, but very few of my colleagues wish to recognize that the horses may become non-white. The idea of color, much less the black idea of color, has been ignored. "Color doesn't matter" we insist. Perhaps it doesn't. But it's difficult to do a critical figure eight with an *explication de texte* of Ellison's *Invisible Man* and continue to insist that color doesn't matter. Were the academy to permit itself to see what it refuses to see, it might have a better idea of what some students mean by the term "relevance."

"My loyalty is not to the institution but to the profession," a colleague recently remarked to me. But in remaining loyal to the profession, my friend imposes the profession's vision of itself on his mind. If my Platonic ideal is the scholar-athlete, then the MLA's is some weird amalgam of a sherry-sipping Cambridge Don, Norman Mailer, and a member of the Guggenheim Board of Trustees—an ideal that has become somewhat less than accurate. That great mentor in the sky simply never intended to found an industry, even an admittedly minor industry, on the publication of books about figures who shouldn't have books written about them and ideas which are defensible as ideas only because they are intolerably boring and strategically inadequate.

Non-Utilitarian Enterprise

For scholarship is one thing that should by definition be non-utilitarian. Questions of promotion and careersmanship simply serve to degrade it. It shouldn't be expected to pay off. Writing a book about Milton does not equip one to teach *Paradise Lost*. Milton himself might have become a candidate for the papacy had he met some of the people who make their livings through writing about him. Or poor Joyce, that humorous man, condemned to an eternity of reading all those exegeses of *Finnegans Wake* and *Ulysses,* each of them unwavering in its solid determination to bury his boisterous reality. Milton, Melville, Joyce, Kafka—the cash-and-carry merchants have bought all the stock in the store and are charging outrageous prices for re-selling it. You do your man, I'll do mine. And so scholarship, criticism, research, publication, reading papers—all hug the saddle waiting for the latest jockey. The humanities imitate the sciences and the sciences wish they were humanities and a prominent medical school announces that it plans to teach its students Aristotle (God help us) in an effort, I suppose, to make our medical businessmen just folks. Why not? Glory for all! Muscle and brain—the Platonic ideal. "Research!" the department chairmen cry. "Research!" the hungry seekers-after-truth echo. Books are books and students are students. First things first.

But our students are beginning to demand that first things come second, to demand that professors ask not what the system can do for them but what they can do for their students. In this world, everybody is a taker. Perhaps our students can force us to examine what we have become. I remain essentially skeptical. But I can no longer believe that the reforming impulse can come from those faculty members who sense that the academic system has itself become their Denmark. Nor do I believe that reform can come from those true scholars who still believe in the intellectual vitality of scholarship rather than in its acquisitive functions—although if there are any noble Romans remaining in our tribe it is they.

And so the historian is the quarterback. And who among us wishes to rock the boat? Which of us would not settle for a little more grease on his own palm? It isn't violence that we fear in revolutions, it's autobiography. No wonder English teachers don't read Jefferson. Have a revolution every 20 years or so and you may even have to question whether Spenser really is "a grad school poet." Take the skeleton out of the closet and you

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have no choice but to look—hard, long and close. Professors, too, have a right to their comfort. And if we can't find it in the Milton who was, don't we have the right to re-make Milton in our own image? Given systems which turn entire nations into killers, can't we, at least, ask for that?

One wonders whether the university itself is not engaged in its own last-ditch stand. Whatever desire for radical reform exists in this country still seems pretty much the property of the universities. The question to contend with, however, is how do we reform the university itself—especially when the bidding is beginning to go hot and heavy? Is there anything wrong with Schlesinger as a hot-shot quarterback, except that I might have a different candidate?

Whoever wishes to may ascribe these remarks to envy. Let me admit that I am as hungry as the next man. But the academy, I must confess, has been good to me. I am not a rejected suitor. It's only that when I close my eyes to get away from pictures of cops beating Columbia students over their heads, I have the vision of hundreds of tigers crashing through my office door, each of them looking like one of my students, each of them crying "Feed *me!*" But the hot hands are dealing and the corners of the cards are pinched. Now maybe Sonny Werblin will buy the CUNY.

An after-the-battle report from Senator McCarthy's army

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

CHARLES HECKSCHER

Professional politicians and other practical people have been hard-put to account for the role of young people in politics last summer. Countless analysts have puzzled over the transformation of Senator McCarthy's Children's Crusade into a powerful fighting force. But they can hardly be more surprised than the crusaders themselves; for at first we were far from being the tight-knit band of idealists which the press later depicted. The transformation was a slow and complex process for each of us. Certainly none of us imagined, in New Hampshire, that our effort was to go so far and become so serious.

The snows of New Hampshire are a legend now, even to those who were there to brave the chill of the weather and the inhabitants. We poured into the unsuspecting state from hundreds of schools, driven by the flimsiest of reasons (for many it was the boredom of school in midwinter) and united only by the vaguely-felt necessity to protest the policies of the hated Johnson Administration. No one knew anything about McCarthy, but as we discussed the war and the President far into the morning hours, we began to learn something about the man for whom we worked.

Personal loyalty to McCarthy developed only slowly. When we first heard him speak, most of us were puzzled by his lack of fire; in the wind-blown streets his voice seemed to wander, aimless and confused. But the words remained; and as we came to realize that the man was saying that the war was *immoral*, and as we began to divine the philosophy that underlay his words, we knew we could trust him to express our profound dissatisfaction with the attitudes of the Government. "We are the only great nation in history," McCarthy said, "to look upon its role primarily as a defensive one. The time has come to make mistakes, if we must make them, on the side of trust rather than on the side of mistrust, on the side of hope rather than on the side of despair." Gradually we saw that we were working not just to stop the war, or to jettison the President; we were trying for a much deeper change, whose extent we did not yet realize.

Meanwhile we were being initiated into the methods of politics. Only a few knew anything about canvassing techniques or the organization of a campaign, and the confusion of the storefronts reflected our ignorance. I myself, too shy normally to ask a stranger the time of day, found myself that first afternoon on a street corner in suburban Concord with the assignment of persuading several hundred families that an unknown Senator was a better man than the nation's President. My panic was not much relieved by the people I spoke to: the inhabitants of New Hampshire are a defensive lot, and it takes considerable charm to get a foot in the door. For days the gaunt faces, narrowed eyes, and stiffly-poised bodies of those I spoke to haunted me; when they chased me away, with shotguns or a curt remark, I took it as a personal affront.

But we soon learned guile and acquired thicker skins. When a voter said how much he admired McCarthy's brother Joe, we would enthusiastically agree that it was a fine family. To hawks we spoke of welfare reform and the high cost of the war; with old people we emphasized Medicare. More important, we learned to convey our

CHARLES HECKSCHER *served as co-chairman of Youth for McCarthy during the Senator's campaign.*

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enthusiasm to total strangers and to talk to people we would never have met ordinarily. We were becoming seasoned politicians.

The astonished excitement of primary night is hard to recapture. We were all near collapse from exhaustion and lack of food; as the night wore on no one could quite believe that our hopes and wildest predictions were being realized. It was more plausible to think we were suffering from a mass hallucination. "My God," people muttered, hesitantly at first, then with greater and greater elation, "My God, he just might win this." By the early hours of the next morning, with the figure of 42% coming into view, the headquarters was a madhouse of sheer joy. When we thought of where we had started, of what we had done, that we had brought low the President of the United States, our emotions were uncontrollable.

The success in the primary abruptly changed the whole tenor of our involvement. Suddenly the effort had become serious; we now had a very real chance to alter the conditions we so hated. As McCarthy, in his quiet way, challenged us to accept the full responsibility of our beliefs, most of us understood that we were not through yet, that we must stay with the fight as long as it lasted.

Some had a struggle of conscience when Kennedy entered the race. A few switched to him, arguing that he stood for the same things as McCarthy did and had a better chance. But most of us had begun to glimpse the philosophical depth of McCarthy's positions. He himself put it with characteristic clarity in Indiana: "We are no longer fighting over Vietnam, but over who is best qualified to be President." On that basis, because we knew he understood the full extent of the needed change, we stayed with McCarthy.

Indiana was my next stop on the primary trail; already the nature of the campaign had changed. In New Hampshire we had been fighting a symbol but in Indiana we were opposed by a very real and active candidate, backed by a professional staff and inexhaustible finances. Everything about the Kennedy headquarters seemed efficient and well-planned; they had banks of phones manned by banks of self-assured young people. When we managed to put up one poster in a neighborhood, it would immediately be covered with ten Kennedy posters while a sound truck broadcasting Bobby's voice went merrily by. It was, as McCarthy said, like wading through an endless snowdrift.

If the citizens of New Hampshire were cold, the people of Indiana acted as if they were part of a separate country. Governor Branigan, the favorite son, campaigned to "Keep Indiana for the Hoosiers" and blasted the "outsiders" who had invaded the state. Nowhere else did I receive such reactions from those I canvassed: "I've made up my mind and I don't want anyone to change it"; or "I've been voting for sixty years, young man, and I don't need your advice." I came to prefer canvassing the ghettos, where we were at least well received, but even there we heard again and again: "I know Kennedy. I know what his brother did for us. I never heard of McCarthy until this week."

In the end we found few who made the effort to understand McCarthy, and he went down to clear defeat. Yet the atmosphere at the Claypool Hotel headquarters that night was far from discouraged; we felt like a battle-hardened army ready to fight again.

The Winds Shift

I will never quite forgive myself for missing the Oregon primary. It seemed a personal loss to be deprived of the spoils of such a victory. But success again shifted the tenor of the campaign to a higher level and strengthened us for the California contest.

By then most of us were hardened professionals. We went about our work with quiet efficiency, although we retained our underdog mentality. We had hopes for victory, but we accepted our narrow defeat with Stoic resolution.

The California campaign was overshadowed by the tragedy which marked its end. I had come during the primaries to like Bobby Kennedy rather more than at first. I shared with many a distaste for his methods—his appeals to special interests and his unscrupulous use of money—and I remember thinking that if it was necessary to use such methods to win, the political system needed serious reform. But it became apparent that the man himself was not the ruthless opportunist often portrayed. The cold efficiency seemed to come from his staff; Kennedy himself seemed an intensely emotional and introspective man. McCarthy was a President, but Kennedy was a kind of Hotspur of politics.

The New York primary was almost an anticlimax. We still worked late into the night and talked even later, but politically we were no longer innocent. We knew the techniques of argumentation; we could gather a crowd for a rally on a day's notice. Even the stunning victory —more than five times Humphrey's delegate count, and the upset triumph of Paul O'Dwyer for the Senatorial nomination—was taken in stride. Almost before it was over we were looking forward to the next stage of the campaigns—the delegate hunting, which was to prove our Waterloo.

A shrewd observer of the New York state committee meeting at the end of June could easily have foreseen the rock on which we were to founder. In the election a week before we had won more than half the elected delegates; the committee was to appoint a slate of 60 more at-large delegates. With the simple logic of idealists, we argued that we should get about half the representation on the slate. But the party leaders are not logicians; they play the political game. The members of the committee, Charles Dickens' caricatures come to life—fat, impassive, with heavy faces and large cigars—listened

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unmoved to fervent pleas for justice by Eleanor Clark French and Allard Lowenstein; then they proposed a slate, agreed on beforehand, which gave McCarthy less than a quarter of the delegates.

Filled with righteous indignation, we stalked from the hall, 300 strong, with Paul O'Dwyer in the lead. For four hours we picketed outside, chanting "The Hacks Must Go" and "Gene, Not the Machine." Meanwhile, the committee endorsed their slate and left quietly by a back door.

Descent to Chicago

That was the story of our efforts. For the rest of the summer we wrote thousands of letters to delegates, held massive rallies, collected hundreds of thousands of names of McCarthy supporters—without any apparent effect. The machine rolled on and we would not stoop to work the levers. We were, McCarthy told us at a banquet in June, testing the process; as far as we were concerned, we would beat the machine honestly, through popular pressure, or not at all.

There was one young man in our office who might be called a "politico": he had been in politics since the age of 11, had worked for O'Connor and Beame, and knew the ways of the professionals. He frequently devised plans for putting pressure on delegates, but we scornfully rejected them as "dishonest." He became a kind of outcast, shunned because he was willing to adopt impure means to noble ends.

As the convention approached, it became clear that we were beating against a stone wall. And our anger, which had originally been directed against Johnson, but which McCarthy had channeled constructively, began to rise again. The dislike we had always felt for Humphrey's backroom methods, fueled by our frustration, grew into a personal hatred for the Vice President. As we watched him run smiling among the party bosses, indignantly defending President Johnson, vacillating on the war, preaching his vacuous message of joy, we began to look on him as representative of the worst in American politics. When he came to town, we picketed and booed him. It was all we could do.

As our anger grew, the extraordinary unity of purpose which we had achieved began to disintegrate. Frustration does not lead to constructive plans. Thus, some said they would give up on politics and retreat to ivied walls; some would take to the streets; some would work within the party for people like O'Dwyer, who gave some hope of change. Even before the convention it was apparent that the "McCarthy youth" could not hold together without their leader. We went to Chicago with no hope and with a cold fury growing within us. We were determined to see the effort through to the end, but no one dared think beyond Wednesday night when, we knew, the effort of months would be crushed.

There is not much that can be said about Chicago. We were ready for defeat, but not for the incredible brutality of it, psychological and physical, inside and outside the convention hall. All we could do was scream at the television set, scream at the immovable, unthinking, impassive machine—and when it was all over, take to the streets to register in the only way we had left our rage at what had been done, there to be gassed and clubbed along with the others.

Back in New York I heard one young black talking to another: "You know why they nominated Humphrey?" he said. "Because they knew the young people were for McCarthy—and they hate the young people."

Let there be no mistake: Chicago did not teach us to play the political game. It was the first battle of open warfare. As they gave us no quarter at the convention, so we will give them none; we seek nothing less than the destruction of the political machinery which proved so unresponsive this year. We will dedicate ourselves now to breaking the grip of the old men, the defensive, frightened men who hate all change.

These old men tried to stop the movement of the young in Chicago, but the pressure for change which has been building for so long cannot so easily be turned off. The party leaders are on the defensive; and they, who refused to listen to a poet among politicians, might do well to listen to the poet of our generation:

"You know there's something happening
But you don't know what it is.
Do you, Mr. Jones?"

DOM JULIAN STEAD

RELEASE

Jubilation, jubilee!
Sudden light has set us free
From the tunnels of the dark,
From the choking coal dust. Hark,
Hist the sifting of the breeze
Through the leaves of green old trees;
See the sunlight in the pale
Evening of the western vale;
Watch the mist from streamlets rise,
Lofty clouds across the skies
From east to west their showers bring
To fertile plain and plants that cling
Below our feet to mountains steep,
Where our poor shepherds watch our sheep.
Jubilation, jubilee!
Never thought that we should see
Our native hills again, or breathe
The passion their strong airs unsheathe.
Jubilation, jubilee!
To God the Father glory be.

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BLACKS AT MAINSTREAM U.

The problems of desegregating

MICHAEL ROSSMAN

The assassination of Martin Luther King caused heavy fallout in the world of Higher Education. Consider the case of Mainstream University, a state multiversity of no particular distinction and 20,000 students (200 of them black). King's death provoked the formation of the Coalition for Racial Justice, which for the first time united the white student activists, from SDS to the Young Republicans, and the black ones. The Coalition threatened Mainstream's administration with direct action unless crash minority programs were developed. To save face, the administration dealt with the Black Students Union, rather than with the Coalition. But they gave in anyway, in guilt and fear and the blind wish to do well. So this fall a wave of 500 minority freshmen will crash on a campus almost totally unprepared to receive or aid them.

Many schools share Mainstream's problem of a sudden and unprepared-for influx of black students on special programs, King's Fallout. They also share Mainstream's chronic problem: a system of (higher) education that just doesn't help people learn very well. Curiously, the acute problem of making colleges finally respond usefully to America's racism may also provide a new lever for cracking open their educational log-jam. Let me sketch a set of very general programs which Mainstream and many other colleges might adopt, in trying to begin to deal with these two problems similtaneously.

Mainstream is a major employer in its college-centered town. Part of the deal the Coalition pressured Mainstream's administration into making is to hire black applicants on a heavily preferential basis, until a quota of 12½% black faces among its non-academic employees is reached. The principle is healthy, and might be extended to academic personnel also. Why should the faculty not face directly and repair the functional racism in their own lily-white ranks?

Granted, black PhD's who publish prestigiously are scarce. But Mainstream's need is not for more and better researchers, but for better teachers; and recruitment of faculty from black colleges might make sense with this in mind. At the least, some intensive exchange programs between the faculties of Mainstream and several black colleges might be arranged, to the benefit of both in terms of professional interchange and interracial contact.

MICHAEL ROSSMAN *is the author of a forthcoming volume on the New Left to be published by Doubleday.*

Another approach to the problem of desegregating white faculties would be to institute a broad Teacher's PhD program, with the needs of minority groups particularly in mind. Across the country, there's a growing movement to establish an "All But Thesis" (ABT) degree for those whose primary orientation is teaching rather than research. The main difficulty lies in keeping it from becoming a "second-class" degree (which testifies to how little we do value teaching).

This might be gotten around by creating a Teacher's PhD (TPhD), which, rather than being a PhD with one part missing, would replace the thesis by a serious program of experiment-and-theory in Teaching/Learning, and in developing the unique art of teaching within the particular discipline. Such a program, well-conceived, would be of more substance than the usual PhD thesis, and surely of more social and educational importance: for we know dangerously little about helping people become good teachers. To initiate programs for this on the college level would be to begin the cultivation of almost-virgin territory.

A TPhD program of this sort would not only prove a powerful force for the improvement of college teaching, but would be of immense interest to minorities, black and other. For, given America's continuing racism, their needs are not to produce researchers in a mode already well-established (and possibly deeply foreign to their emerging cultures), but rather to generate their own teachers as rapidly as possible, creating a multiplier effect. Though the TPhD would of course be open to anyone, special and perhaps massive programs encouraging and funding minority students would certainly be appropriate, and would make more rapid the TPhD's spread.

The Teaching/Learning subprogram of the TPhD might also serve as an intensive laboratory for the reformulation of some disciplines (like Cultural Anthropology) from a minority viewpoint, and for the development of teaching arts which are appropriate simultaneously to a specific discipline and to a specific minority group. For example, the teaching of psychology or existential literature by black people to black people might quite conceivably and properly be an art unto itself, and one as yet undeveloped.

Would black students conscious of their culture profit from a different style of teaching than their white peers? That question may be open; but there is no doubting

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Mainstream's deep unpreparedness to handle the sudden influx of black freshmen due this fall. If any significant portion of the faculty had the sense to realize that they themselves now need to do much unfamiliar learning rapidly, to respond appropriately to this occasion, they might call an Extraordinary Convocation. It might last for, say, a month during the summer; and might begin with an attempt to identify and share the problems to be faced, and to identify those unfamiliar people—black people, community organizers, educational reformers, group-process specialists, and so on—who could help the faculty learn what it needs to know to meet its new problems.

Such an attempt to structure an intensive learning environment, with themselves as beneficiaries, might somewhat shake the faculty's confidence in their own prowess. However inadequate, though, it would still be a more useful and appropriate response than the piecemeal unpreparedness with which the faculty will greet this fall. For it would be a first step towards a very deep kind of educational reform: the development of mechanisms through which colleges can become places which generate coordinated knowledge for immediate attack on pressing social problems. (Teach-ins are a primitive experiment in this direction. A few schools have tried more ambitious experiments: San Francisco State suspended classes for a week to hold a convocation on Vietnam.)

On almost all campuses, faculties are locked into antique and clumsy power structures, disorganized and numb, and have not even begun to develop the tools of change for which they should be responsible. Their irrelevance *as functioning intellectual specialists* to the larger society's problems is only one consequence of this. Within their universities, there are in general not even primitive mechanisms to permit educational innovation, let alone to facilitate and encourage it.

King's Fallout might give Mainstream's faculty a chance to learn to make tools. This fall, there will be the need for sudden reassessments and redistributions of the institution's resources, and for their supplementation, and new modes of evaluation fit for this (and future) crash minority programs will have to be developed "in the field."

Who hopes for a useful faculty group action, hopes in a usual wilderness. But the program of an Extraordinary Learning Convocation is certainly feasible for a group of graduate students: say, from 30 to 100 Teaching Assistants, volunteering but with the approval and support of their Departments. The school should maintain and pay them decently, and make available all resources—consultation with faculty, black students, and outsiders; live-in subsistence support for young black kids; etc.—that the graduates feel to be necessary to their study and planning.

The school should also agree to implement whatever program the graduates develop. For their subject-matter competence has already been certified, as they are allowed to teach white freshmen. And their qualifications in other regards—such as flexibility of mind, willingness to devote much time and passion to the task, past and present teamwork in movements aimed at social problems, ingenuity at coining new modes of teaching-and-learning, and so on—would, for such a volunteer group, be demonstrably higher than those of the general run of faculty. (Clearly, a major proportion of such a graduate study-and-planning group must be black. Black graduate interns might be imported from other schools as summer planners.)

Removing the Limits

This brings up a more general matter. The great bulk of colleges' teaching resources lies in their students. Like shale oil, students' teaching abilities are largely untapped. At best, the Teaching Assistantships skim only the cream, if that, of only the graduate population; and T.A.'s often also face quite narrow limits on the kinds of teaching they are allowed to do. Perhaps the multiplex problem presented by this flood of new black students offers ways in which the potential teaching resources of white and black students alike might be made actual.

For example. Many black students will encounter Mainstream less as a place to supply them with the tools and training and self-definition they clearly need and want, than as a massive many-leveled Language System: an alien cultural artifact many of whose aspects they must mimic successfully for the certification which they need to proceed to their own works. There is a great need for white and black students to join together in teaching the newcomers How To Talk The Man's Language And Beat The System: how to take tests, how to get or make courses they want, how to relate to Authority, how to write papers English instructors will accept; and so on. The white kids involved in this would benefit immensely too: for nothing so forces a perspective on the language system or culture in which one is embedded, than the task of teaching it *as a language system or culture* to someone alien.

A somewhat deeper perspective of cooperation between black and white students offers itself, though I think we are not yet able to take advantage of it in more than very narrow ways. The new wave of black students are coming into an educating system which is not set up to meet their needs. Indeed, it isn't really set up to meet anyone's needs very well; and students who presently sense this are beginning to gather into an educational reform movement. At Mainstream, perhaps several hundreds of them are coming to a point of consciousness strikingly parallel in some ways to that of the incoming black students.

They find themselves in a landscape which they (suddenly) sense to be bewilderingly alien; and they face the task of beginning with where they are and their needs, and constructing educational experiences and environ-

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ments which they feel to be relevant to these. Ideally, this stark shared sense might provide the ground for a beginning reconstruction of both an educational system and a social system. But white racism, black self-definitional separatism, and just not knowing how to begin to take advantage of the chance, will combine to render this ideal unrecognizable in what actually happens.

Still, some fragments will actually come about, and it is well to identify in advance what ideal they are fragments of: for the future, if there is one, will develop from them. The "course" in How To Deal With The System will occur at least in some totally decentralized fashion on many campuses. Its critical feature is that it combines black/white cooperation in mutual learning with a new perspective on the learning process itself. Another "course" differently marked by this critical combination would be one in Racism, using group-encounter techniques as its main source of information, and its black-and-white group as a laboratory to test out its learning.

Students have devised in the "Free University" a loose, catch-all form to accommodate such experiments at the frontiers of educational and social change. (A number of them are offering courses on Racism similar to the one sketched above.) The hundred and fifty or so now growing in size and sophistication across America testify that this flexible and primitive form is adequate and vital to the moment.

Mainstream is super-typical of large schools, having not only a Free U, but a newly-formed Black Students Union and a newly revitalized Graduate Students Association. All three are in search of new programs, and their interests intersect. The Free U is the logical place for the courses suggested above, and the logical host for the Extraordinary Convocation. Given strong participation by graduates and older black students, its open space might nourish much or most of the campus' significant educational innovation this fall, on both black and white accounts.

Institutional problems and intellectual issues

POLITICAL BEHAVIORALISM

NEAL WOOD

Influenced by Oxford analytic philosophy, political philosophy taught today in most American academic departments of philosophy deals primarily with the highly technical and subtle conceptual and linguistic analysis of social, legal and political concepts, instead of with the question of orientation in the practical world. Political behavioralists are empirical theorists like Gabriel Almond, Robert Dahl, Karl Deutsch, David Easton, Morton Kaplan and Harold D. Lasswell, who construct hypotheses, models and general theories for the analysis of actual political behavior with the ultimate purpose of formulating general laws of predictive value. Postulating the natural sciences as an ideal, many political behavioralists believe that political science must collect objectively quantifiable behavioral data which can be stored in data banks, and eventually manipulated by computer for the elaboration and verification of mathematical models.

Political behavioralism, having all but conquered American political science, is beginning to be influential in Canada and Great Britain, while political theory in America has been propelled to the periphery of the discipline. This is a hard blow for political theorists whose principal interest is with the idea of the good society, with values and political ends, because traditionally political theory had been at the very center—actually the source—of political science. Political theorists in the recent past, through sterile, antiquarian studies unrelated to the exigencies of the times, have not been without responsibility for the present change. But today political theorists, are a determined and intellectually vigorous group, seriously striving to make their studies meaningful for a politically chaotic world. Nevertheless, to their highly specialized and professional behavioral colleagues, political theorists are the unscientific relics of a bygone era, little more than dilettantes, out of touch with current political reality, and with little to contribute to political science. Suffering an increasing frustration and alienation at being unable to stem the behavioral tide, political theorists feel very strongly that their opponents have failed intellectually to justify their academic and professional prominence; that their penchant for methodology, quantification and mathematics distorts and oversimplifies the political world, and may have serious practical consequences; that by jettisoning their venerable intellectual tradition and refusing to study seriously social and political ends and values, they have become the captives of the establishment; and that these tendencies, along with their extreme specialization and professionalism, are threatening the goal of a liberal, humanistic education.

NEAL WOOD *is a professor of political theory at York University in Canada.*

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They complain of having little in common intellectually with their behaviorally oriented fellow political scientists, and of rapidly losing a significant role in shaping their discipline, present and future. Some departments have already dispensed with political theory as an unneeded luxury. Students of political theory find that general political science requirements stifle their true intellectual interests and restrict the scope of their training. They must sacrifice the study of political theory itself, of governmental and legal institutions, purposes, and policies, and the related fields of history, philosophy, literature and languages, and jurisprudence, to departmental demands for the mastery of methodology, and for knowledge of models and theories which at best appear to be truisms and at worst seem to have no relation to the concrete world. The study of political theory would seem to be no longer compatible with the study of political science.

What, therefore, is the intellectual case against the political behavioralist? He is most commonly criticized for his reduction of political phenomena to measurable quantity. From the perspective of the political theorist this hegemony of number distorts and oversimplifies the complexity of political reality because so often absolutely fundamental aspects simply cannot be quantified. All that can be gained from sensitive judgment and empathetic understanding is sacrificed to the crudity of number. There would be little objection to the behavioralist if he only reported, compared and generalized about quantifiable elements of political phenomena, but instead, he purports to establish a universally applicable political science in which the politically quantifiable is all that is "scientifically" analyzable.

Moreover, according to the political theorists, the behavioralists in the name of science have rejected unreasonably as so much metaphysics their exceedingly rich intellectual tradition beginning with Plato. In doing so they have cut themselves off from an unusually fertile source of significant questions, insights, concepts, paradigms, ideals and even empirical data. When the occasional behavioralist does pay lip service to the greats, he shows by his misinterpretation how little he knows of his heritage. Having jettisoned their own rich legacy, the political behavioralists look to other, more "scientific" disciplines, such as anthropology and sociology for inspiration. Ironically, it is just these two social sciences that still cherish their own traditions. Malinowski and the distinguished French anthropologist, Claude Lévi-Strauss, affirm, for example, that the idea of the social contract—laughed out of school by political behavioralists—can be an extremely valuable way of explaining certain kinds of social relationships. Indeed, Lévi-Strauss, certainly among the most vigorous apostles of a rigorous science of man, views Rousseau—rejected by political behavioralists for obscurantism—as an illuminating guide for his own anthropological studies. Influential sociologists, steeped in their tradition and nourished by it, are able to reflect perceptively upon thinkers as diverse as Thrasymachus and Hegel. A leading scholar, Noam Chomsky, in the most rigorous and highly mathematical of the newer social sciences, linguistics, examines and lauds his own tradition (which includes Rousseau) in *Cartesian Linguistics*, calling upon his colleagues to benefit from its insights. Perhaps the lack of originality of political behavioralism, the continued reliance upon other social sciences for innovative ideas, results in part from its refusal to take seriously its own incomparable intellectual heritage.

Positivistic Spectacles

More importantly, political theorists think their antagonists have strayed in their attempt to fashion a "value-free" science of political behavior following the natural sciences. Not only do many political behavioralists interpret the development of natural science in a simplistic fashion, but also they perceive the scientific enterprise itself through positivistic spectacles. Nor have they come to grips with the general conclusions about the social sciences of Norbert Wiener, the father of cybernetics. Does not the behavioralist's observation of political phenomena so affect the behavior of the subjects under investigation as to preclude any very meaningful predictions? Moreover, will not the statistical runs available for any political phenomenon always be far too short to serve as the basis for any significant induction? Also worth noting is Lévi-Strauss' judgment that with the exception of linguistics, the quantifiable in the study of cultures is of least relevance for a science of anthropology.

Of particular concern to the political theorist is the behavioralist's failure to clarify his conception of "objectivity." Aside from the problem of the precise meaning of the complex and ambiguous term "value" in the goal of a "value-free political science," the behavioralist obviously does not mean to exclude all values from his science, only non-scientific ones. Nevertheless, the political theorist insists upon asking whether the behavioralist actually has thought through the problem of objectivity with its manifold implications. Can the political behavioralist stand aside in his work from his moral, social and political values, and should he? Have the behavioralists genuinely explored the relationship between observable social and political facts and their own values which they believe have been dichotomized successfully in their investigations? Values affect our perception of reality by mediating between the consciousness and the unstructured environment. "The world divides into facts," writes Wittgenstein, because we divide it. The role of values and language in the cognitive process is *terra incognita* to the average behavioralist. Political behavioralism itself is a realm of value which, as Marxism and existentialism do, divides the world into facts. Facts do not present themselves with pristine purity to the individual cognitive apparatus; they are generated by the value-impregnated conceptualization.

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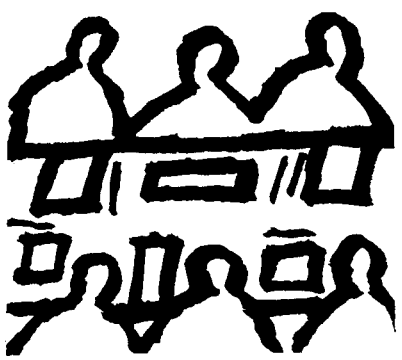
What, then, are the values which mediate between the consciousness of the political behavioralist and the political world, which enable him to divide it into facts? They would seem to be the social and political values of the status quo, traditional liberal assumptions and values. Of course, one can simply maintain that by commitment to no moral, social and political values in his scientific works, the behavioralist actually commits himself to the prevailing liberal values of the community. But my argument is that his "science," in fact, rests upon an infrastructure of these values. The political behavioralist seems to be unconscious of the liberal origins of much of his science, both as to substance and method. Even his empirical definitions of politics bring to mind the classical liberal model of "civil society" composed of atomistic individuals and groups pursuing their own self-interest with government functioning as little more than the umpire for the regulation of conflicts of interest. Like some previous liberal models of society, the behavioral model fails to allot an autonomous or exclusive realm to politics, and the creative role of government and law in shaping society and social values is slighted or overlooked. From such a "liberal" perspective, political science is little more than a branch of sociology. Hence, the behavioralist's "objective" and "empirical" definitions and models, which aspire



to universal applicability, seem "culture-bound" by the very special values of his own liberal heritage.

In respect to method, the behavioral approach also seems to be guided by the "invisible hand" of liberal theory. The assumptions behind the behavioralist's notion that consideration can only be given to intention and purpose as revealed in measurable responses to measurable stimuli seems to reflect the central premises of Jeremy Bentham's famed felicific calculus. In fact, the Benthamite position as to the control of external actions through a calculus of pleasures and pains for the achievement of broad utilitarian goals is an important liberal precedent for the behavioral stress upon technique, both in regard to the science of politics and the belief that this science at best can only be a science of means, not ends, a policy science at the disposal of actual power holders. In addition, many behavioralists employ a mechanistic model of society so typical of classical liberal economic and political theory, together with the principles of mechanical causation, equilibrium, absolute time and space, and the neutral observer. These are all derived from Newtonian mechanics, no longer thought by science to be an adequate representation of the physical world, and perhaps of limited applicability to the social world. Fundamentally, the conception of a value-free political science and its essential premise of the neutral observer *cum* objective political scientist, as well as the behavioral conception of the nature of politics, seem to be subliminally rooted in the syndrome of attitudes shared by Newtonian physics, the psychology of John Locke, the economics of Adam Smith, and the politics of James Madison. And as with the traditional liberal model of the human and social mechanism, the behavioral social mechanism tends to be "overdetermined," allowing small scope for spontaneity, accident and fallibility.

If the behavioralist deems values and purposes legitimate subjects of his science and if he admits that values affect cognition, how can he fail to consider the historical dimension of values and of the value-conditioned perception of social and political reality? The very organization of our consciousness of social and political reality points to the past because our values and purposes are historical phenomena having their roots and growth in the historical experience of our society. And if this is the case how can we divorce our utterances, actions and social and political arrangements from the past? How can we possibly understand them if we do? Moreover, as I have suggested, political behavioralism itself is an historically conditioned realm of value. The behavioralist's failure to recognize it as such is largely due to his rejection of history, another characteristic of historical liberal attempts to fashion a science of politics. As political behavioralism becomes part of the historical process affecting the human consciousness and thereby affecting human action, the historical dimension becomes all the more basic to our understanding of politics. The behavioral "is" will always have to be checked against the behavioral "was," if the "is" is to have any current practical significance. With the passage of time, the behavioralist, ironically, will be forced to become an historian, learning the complicated art of reading the historical documents spawned by behavioralists of preceding generations, and weighing the evidence of those documents (billions of IBM cards) against other documents referring to the social and political context of the time. Such a task will be exceedingly difficult, not only because the stage of society has changed in the interim, but also because the spectator's seat of the behavioralist will have changed, and the relation between the present spectator's seat and the past social stage will have altered. Of course, how it has altered can only be determined also by historical analysis. Unless all of these relationships, and changes, can be measured quantitatively, the behavioralist will be defeating his whole *raison d'être*. Moreover, if political science is ever to handle significantly the problem of political and social change, a return will have

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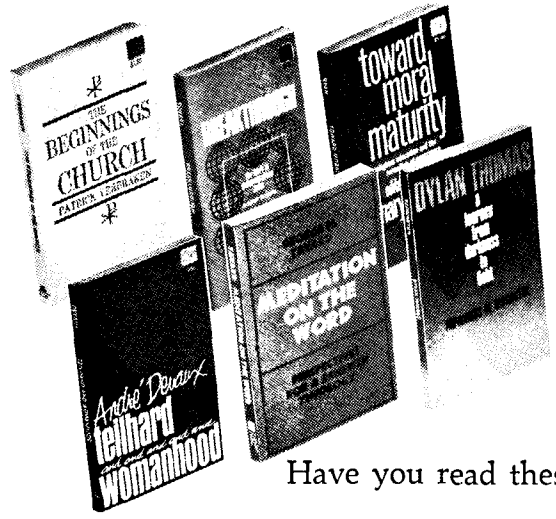

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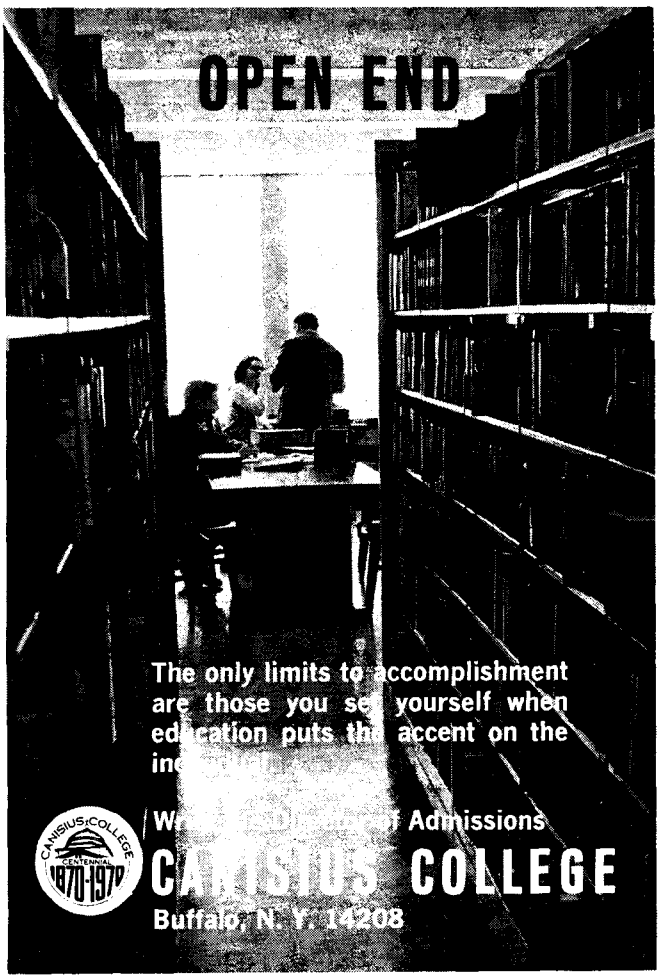
to be made to the historical dimension in all its detail and complexity.

Lastly, political theorists are perturbed by the behavioralist's renunciation of "utopian" thought. Traditionally, political science with political theory at its core has attempted to provide men with some kind of general theoretical orientation in their times of catastrophe, and to offer some guide to practical action by virtue of a conception of a good society and a notion of a just political life. In this "utopian" thinking upon social and political ends, political theorists were fully conscious—unlike the behavioralists—that the means and techniques could never be separated validly from the ends they were designed to realize. In order to discuss means in a meaningful way, we must begin with ends. Today, political science appears to be withdrawing from the world, and to be engaging in an intellectual game within its own walls. Of all the social sciences, professionalized political science seems the least concerned with vital current political issues; at least, they figure hardly at all in discussions at the annual meetings of the American Political Science Association, and the theories and models contrived by political scientists seem to have the least relevance for guidance in our practical difficulties. It is the political theorists who are out to rescue "fact," to make political science directly relevant to the world of political reality by discussing the ends towards which we should strive as political actors. How else, for instance, can we reconstruct our disintegrating urban society into a livable, living community unless we know what we wish to accomplish through the reshaping of spatial relations on the urban-planners' drawing board, and in the concrete that we will pour? The world created by science and technology is much too perilous for any social and political thought and policy not boldly and imaginatively utopian.



VENICE VISITED

THE SCREEN

After two days during which dissenters blew up a wind and smog of protest, the 29th Venice Film Festival opened —and developed like any other film festival. Almost, that is. The protesters, a mixture of Italian leftists and rightists, plus visiting firemen left over from the Cannes Festival in May, had causes in mind: the bad shape of the Italian film industry and distribution of movies; the state-controlled festival set-up, with its competitions and prizes and expensive tickets for the night showings (the chi-chi audiences paid 5,000 lire a ticket—more than $8); too much emphasis on off-beat films; too much stress on big commercial pictures. If the dissenters could have got together and stated what they really wanted, they might have got somewhere, or at least dramatically closed the Festival. (But as Festival Director Luigi Chiarini asked, what good would closing the Festival do?) The dissenters demonstrated, protested and carried on in the usual crazy Italian fashion for a couple of days—and then petered out. Some of the near-riots were serious (the police were called out and then sent away); some of the demonstrations were pure comic opera with a lot of screaming and gestures right out of Gilbert and Sullivan.

When I arrived at the Venice Lido, on Aug. 25, the protesters were protesting, and no one was certain whether the Festival would be held as planned. So I enjoyed the lovely Lido beaches, the good meals at the Cappelli (where most O.C.I.C. jurors like myself were staying as the Festival's guests), and the chatter and gossip with the other journalists at the outside café across the street from the Palazzo where the films were to be shown. Aug. 27, we were told to appear at the Palazzo for the first picture—and a good one it was: "L 'Enfance Nue," directed by Maurice Pialat, about a difficult youngster temporarily adopted by a family who make him feel wanted and loved and part of the family. This was a French film. Although France was among the nations (along with U.S.A., Sweden, Great Britain, Russia, and others) who were boy-

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A Call to Men of Conscience

TO ALL THOSE whose spirits are troubled by the violence of the times, we send out a call for action or at least for compassion.

The war in Vietnam continues steadily along its bloody path in spite of the so called "Paris peace talks." The long denial of justice to our poor fellow Americans brings closer the terrible fruits of human hopes so long frustrated: violence and destruction in our cities. Our selfish and exploitative foreign policy in the Third World continues in order to protect "the American way of life."

Those who had placed their hopes in a McCarthy victory or in a truly representative convention were rudely awakened by the clubs of the Chicago police, or perhaps more so by the political cynicism of those within the convention hall. The cry for "law and order" is abroad in a nation apparently willing to overlook the fundamental human law of love, in an atmosphere of suspicion for the cause of peace—the most authentic fruit of order.

Where to now?

While there is no cheap, ready-made solution available, nine men and women did confront the evil of the times on the morning of May 17 in Catonsville, Md. In a prophetic gesture following long years of personal service and commitment to the poor—in Latin America, with the black community here, with the suffering in Africa, with years of effort in the cause of peace and justice—they freely destroyed 600 1-A draft files with napalm confected according to the formula found in the *Special Forces Handbook*. Thus in an effort to be peacemakers they placed their lives and futures in jeopardy (risking possible 54-year sentences and a $30,000 fine each) in order non-violently to say "No" to the violence of war, racism, economic oppression, and organized selfishness.

Bernard Cooke, S.J. Dorothy Day Rabbi Abraham Heschel John McKenzie, S.J.
Bishop James A. Pike William Stringfellow Gordon C. Zahn
Mother Jogues Egan, R.S.H.M. Philip Scharper Benjamin Spock Msgr. Paul Hanly Furfey

Is the action too extreme?

"To many, the act of the Catonsville nine has seemed incomprehensible, wild, extreme. Well, I think they were intentionally 'extreme' though they remained in essence non-violent. They were intentionally provocative. The protesters believed that as Christians they must protest against a futile and immoral war to the point where they are jailed for protest—or else stop the war. This goes pretty far, I admit. It shocks, and is intended to shock. Perhaps the point will never get across to some people, it may be too shocking. All I'd like to say is this: I notice very little, if any, shock at all when a Catholic bishop has the droll effrontery to speak of the Vietnam war as an act of Christian love."

—Thomas Merton

Too impractical?

"It is very easy to write off Catonsville and similar incidents as serving little beyond the satisfaction of the religious and psychological impulses of those protesting. This is unfair. Such actions have high purpose and call attention to a bevy of injustices, economic and racial, as well as military. . . . The world would be better off with more rather than fewer Berrigans, and it will profit from their witness, impractical though this may occasionally appear to be."

—John Deedy

Our Apologies . . .

Finally, to those unable to accept the Catonsville action, we respect Daniel Berrigan's request for pardon: *"Our apologies, good friends, for the fracture of good order, the burning of paper instead of children, the angering of the orderlies in the front parlor of the charnel house. We could not, so help us God, do otherwise. For we are sick at heart, our hearts give us no rest for thinking of the Land of Burning Children. And for thinking of that other Child, of whom the poet Luke speaks."*

What we ask—

Contribute: Five lawyers have volunteered their services: William Kunstler, noted New York civil liberties attorney; Fr. Robert Drinan, S.J., dean of the Boston College Law School; Harold Buchman, of Baltimore; Fr. William Cunningham. S.J., of the Loyola University law faculty in Chicago, and Harrop Freeman, of Cornell University and the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. But there are a multitude of other expenses. We wish to indict the war, not defend ourselves or renounce our action. We want to be able to bring world-respected experts to Baltimore to testify, and we want to be able to carry on an educational campaign in regard to the action. Please help.

Come to the Trial: It isn't likely that the trial will be lengthy. It would be a joy to have you with us. The trial date has been set for October 7 and will be held in Baltimore. Contact the Defense Committee for information on dates, travel, and accommodations.

Act: Nearly 30,000 Americans have been killed in Vietnam—no one is certain how many thousands of Vietnamese. The war has demanded much of those who support it, or dare not question or cannot escape it. For those who oppose murder and murderous institutions the cost will be equally high. We have chosen our way. What others must do, their own hearts will tell them.

Who are the nine?

Daniel Berrigan, S.J., Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., David Darst, John Hogan, Thomas Lewis, Marjorie Melville, Thomas Melville, George Mische, Mary Moylan.

THE CATONSVILLE NINE DEFENSE COMMITTEE
300 Ninth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212-989-7960)

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☐ Coming to the trial in Baltimore on Oct. 7.

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cotting the Festival, independent film makers from various boycotting countries showed their works. France even permitted the long and excellent series of Renoir movies in the Festival's Retrospectives. England, however, withdrew its Hitchcock Retrospectives.

So from Aug. 27 on, except for a couple of flare-ups and occasional talk about violent demonstrations that never came off, the 29th Venice went the way of all festivals—with some very good movies, some atrocious ones (mostly of a protest nature about our difficult times: against war, against U.S. in Vietnam, against poverty, against U.S. treatment of Negroes—the trouble with most of these movies was their over-statement of the situation and their over-simplification of backgrounds). Then there was the usual welter of avant-garde pictures stressing psychology, sex and miscellaneous soul-searching. Among the best of the searching films and the one that won Venice's top award, the Golden Lion, was the German "The Artistes at the Top of the Big Top: Disoriented," in which director Alexander Kluge, while portraying the problems of a woman who inherits a circus and wants to put on an intelligent, artistic show, also presents many of the woes of our times and the conflicts between artistry and commercialism.

The outstanding film of the Festival, however, and one that might have won the Golden Lion if it hadn't run into so much controversy, was Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Teorema," another portrait of today—but with stress on religion. As a Communist, Pasolini sided with the dissenters in the Festival's rowing and protesting. He wanted to withdraw his picture, but at the same time he readied it for showing. The film's producer Franco Rossellini (Roberto's nephew) settled things; he stepped in and insisted it be shown. Expertly directed, and acted by a fine cast, "Teorama" shows what happens to a well-to-do middle-class family whose lives are completely changed when their charming and seemingly angelic guest (Terrence Stamp) goes to bed with the father, the wife, the son, the daughter and the maid. This strange fable is a shocker and ends on a religious note as shocking and mystical as its earlier scenes. I shall review this unusual film, which is actually a cinematic poem, when it opens here; in the meantime I was surprised to read in the *New York Times* of Sept. 15 that "the Italian Church banned it as dangerous," and "the Rome magistrates confiscated it as obscene." I should add that I strongly voted in favor of giving this picture our award as a jury member of the International Catholic Film Office, and agree with the statement we made at the prize-giving: "Condemning certain aspects of a contemporary culture stultified by material comfort, this film breathes the ambiguity that characterizes our age. Out of it all, however, emerges a desperate need that propels the human spirit on a quest that best can be termed religious. In awarding this prize, the Jury pays tribute both to the intense sincerity and spiritual anxiety that glow through the am-

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bivalence in Pasolini's film, and to its masterful formal beauty and simplicity."

There were other movies shown in Venice that I liked: "The Ballad for a Dog," with Charles Vanel's moving portrait of an old man; "Faces," an American entry, with John Cassavetes' good direction and ironical display of today's society and the break-up of a marriage; "L'Enfance Nue"; the very well-made "Diary of a Schizophrenic"; and several others. Some of these are being shown now at the New York Film Festival. So with their 25 entries and Venice's 25, my eyes will soon pop. Heaven help the working critic. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE LIVING THEATRE

ETC.

Each night, five in a row, more than 2,000 people turned out here in Geneva to witness the weirdness that had come to this city of everlasting conferences. They saw things like: the make-believe hash-smoking scene, the symbolic multi-death of the execution scene, the vision of the arrival on Mars, the vision of the discovery of the North Pole, the two body-piles in which players and public could writhe together on the floor, the burning of a 10-franc note, the flying scene, the vision of the integration of the races, yoga exercises, student demonstrations in solidarity with the Czechoslovakians, and the sexual revolution in which couples (clothed at key points) assumed coital positions, and much more.

And they heard anguished cries and lines like: "I don't know how to stop the war!" "I'm not allowed to smoke hashish!" "One can't live without money!" "If I could turn you on, I would drive you out of your wretched mind"! "Tonight Prague, tomorrow Geneva!"

It was "Paradise Now," the Living Theatre's farewell to Europe. After four years of fomenting revolutionary life and theatre styles in this part of the world, the blazing, unextinquishable theatre group has returned to America.

The Living Theatre came into being 20 years ago in New York City, the dream-child of Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina. Non-violent anarchists and revolutionaries even at that time, Judith and Julian were in love with the theatre but found the star-crazy doors of Broadway difficult to open—and not all that attractive. Their first theatre, in a cellar on Wooster St. on Manhattan's Lower East Side, was closed after a few months in 1948 because the police thought it was a whorehouse. Their last theatre, on 14th St. and Sixth Ave., was closed in 1963 by the Internal Revenue Service which said the company owed more than $28,000 in back taxes, social security and fines. In between, the Living Theatre played

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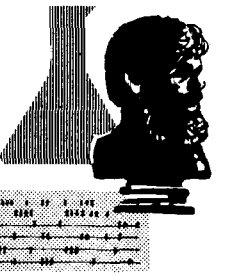

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This Semester

—as an essential part of its role as a national journal of opinion edited by Catholic laymen, *Commonweal* focuses attention on the big issues confronting Church and State. It scrutinizes the Vietnam war and the Paris peace talks, America's social neglect and the calls for law and order, the course of the Presidential campaign, the obstacles to weapons' controls and disarmament, etc., etc. It also discusses frankly the problems of Catholic education, the new tensions between freedom and authority in the Church and other key aspects of Christian renewal and reform.

To provide a range of insights on these and other important questions *Commonweal* presents each week the views of writers of eminence in their respective fields, such as: Herbert McCabe, Michael Novak, James Critchlow, Thomas Merton, William Pfaff, Harvey Cox, George Woodcock, David Burrell, Robert McAfee Brown, Neville Braybrooke, John Horgan and J. M. Cameron.

At the same time *Commonweal* keeps its readers in touch through its discerning reviews of current books. Charles E. Curran, Josephine Jacobsen, Richard L. Rubenstein, Gerald Weales, Maisie Ward, Avery Dulles, Anne Fremantle, Alan Pryce-Jones, William James Smith, Emile Capouya, Anselm Atkins, Nora Magid, John S. Dunne, Rosemary F. Deen and Martin Tucker are among its present book reviewers.

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in the Becks' apartment, the Cherry Lane Theatre, an attic on West 100th St., showed the public things it had never before seen on the stage, and won every major extant Off-Broadway theatre award. The Living Theatre and its founder-directors became almost legendary in avant-garde circles.

Late in 1963, Julian and Judith—theatreless, fundless, facing 60- and 30-day jail sentences, respectively, on a contempt of court citation—decided with 18 other members of the company to accept offers of an engagement in a London theatre and a single TV appearance in Berlin. They would try Europe for awhile. ("There had been two previous European tours during which the Living Theatre won France's prestigious Grand Prix de Recherche des Théâtres des Nations—never before won by Americans—the Grand Prix Universitaire des Théâtres des Nations, and the Médaille de la Critique Dramatique, given by the French critics.) The federal court which had convicted them freed the Becks temporarily, so they could go to London and Berlin and earn enough money to pay $2,500 in fines.

When the jobs were finished, the troupe repaired to a farmhouse on the North Sea in Belgium and the Becks returned to New York to do their time. While in jail Judith and Julian worked on Genet's "The Maids," mailing instructions to the company.

Most of the first year in Europe was tough. There was little money (a nagging problem even today) and prospects were dim. They used the time in the farmhouse to work on "The Maids" and to develop a group creation called "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces." Late in the year the American Students and Artists Center in Paris offered the Living Theatre an engagement. The run of "Mysteries" was a triumph and everything was up from then on.

In the past four years "of groping through Europe," the Living Theatre suffered two individual drug arrests, battled numerous individual and collective obscenity charges, lived in a 189-room castle south of Rome, acquired five Volkswagen buses and several children (there are now 10), grew into an adult community of 21 men and 15 women (15 of them Europeans), and developed a fascinating communal life which emphasizes personal growth—"to enable the individual to get a grip on his own reality," and "a continual process of dropping in and dropping out."

The Living Theatre played more than 150 European cities—some two, three and four times—and was invited to most of the major European theatre festivals. Last spring, in fact, the 22nd Theatre Festival of Avignon gave the Living Theatre "about $20,000" to develop an original piece. "Paradise Now" was the result and when they presented it on stage during the tumultuous days of May, it caused a short circuit in Avignon's provincial sensibilities.

Still, everything would have been all right if they'd kept to the theatre. But they didn't. They tried to take the

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show to the streets and got in trouble with everyone from the mayor down to the abundant riot police and roving bands of young fascists. Confronting the mayor, Julian Beck argued that the group had upheld its part of the bargain by creating the new piece and by presenting it in the theatre; now they wished to do it on the streets so everyone in town could see it free. The mayor's reply: "Culture is for those who can pay for it, like green beans."

The mayor also temporarily indicted the play and put the Living Theatre under house arrest (in the old school house in which they were staying). The group refused offers of compromise, deciding they would no longer be controlled by "the historical structure game." They split for Toulon where they presented the piece free for three nights in an open-air theatre. According to Steve Israel, who has been with the group for seven years, "We went around on the streets and into the factories and said, 'Look, it's free, please come.' " More than 10,000 people attended. "One night after the show," Steve added, "a French man, not a young guy, came up and told us it was the most exciting thing that ever happened to him."

And now they've brought it all back home for an eight-month nationwide tour. After a six-day lay-over in New York "just to look at it," they opened a three-week stint at Yale University. They are presenting their whole repertoire: the original group creations, "Paradise Now," "Frankenstein" (which includes, among other things, 12 consecutive bizarre executions and an attempt at levitation), and "Mysteries and Smaller Pieces" (which deals with "the dream" in nine parts and reproduces horizontal rigidity); "The Maids" (in which unattractive, uneffeminate boys unhomosexually play the maids), and Brecht's "Antigone" (translated from the German word-for-word by Judith Malina—the audience is the enemy and everything takes place on the human level). The Yale engagement also includes five lecture programs on "revolution and the theatre" and "numerous theatrical demonstrations." The next stop on the tour will be a similar three-week visit to the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The Living Theatre, the Becks say, has moved from the theatre of questions to the theatre of answers. Steve Israel elaborates: "What we are saying is this: 'The feeling of violence must be exorcised. The wars *must* stop, now! People *must* be fed, now! There is no more time!" Whatever the Living Theatre says is said with a screech. It is strong stuff. It will be paradise now for some and, perhaps, indigestible for others. LEONARD J. BERRY

(Leonard J. Berry is a former writer-reporter for the American Broadcasting system, now in Europe.)

BOOKS

Genetic engineering: some moral and legal considerations

Life or Death: Ethics and Options

E. SHILS, N. ST. JOHN-STEVAS, P. RAMSEY, ET AL

University of Washington Press, $4.95

JAMES M. GUSTAFSON

Medical ethics and the ethics of eugenics have come to the center of attention in recent months, for obvious and good reasons. The morality of contraception, in practice a matter of conscience even for most Catholics, has been displaced by questions of the morality of abortion. The moral and legal questions about experimentation on human beings, about the relation of therapy to experimentation, have become matters of sizable public concern. Eugenics, which lapsed from public attention in reaction to the racist basis of its immoral practice in the Nazi period, now comes into open attention once again. With the support of universities, foundations and other institutions, these questions are frequently addressed in conferences and symposia. And from such come the publication of papers.

Such conferences and the papers that are published from them are important at this stage of the discussions. It is necessary to have strong and clear statements of positions, developed arguments in their defense, and understanding of differences of opinion in order to see that various stands can be taken both in good faith and with ethical cogency. But in this, as in other matters, one hopes we can move beyond the conference procedure to a more disciplined, careful, long-range way of working in which the areas of disagreement can be not only defined, but, in part at least, overcome. What is needed, it seems to me, is interdisciplinary work within universities or centers that have personnel and resources for the arduous tasks of intensive and long-term work.

The papers published in this book are of a generally high quality: Reed College brought persons to its conference on "The Sanctity of Life" who had a great deal of maturity in research and reflection on the matters at hand. Some of them are veterans on the conference circuit. The kinds of evidence and argument the authors bring to bear give a good introductory spectrum of the issues that divide men.

Edward Shils' admirable moral sensitivity has led him in the past to launch attacks against manipulation of persons for the sake of experiments. His essay, "Social Inquiry and the Autonomy of the Individual," in Daniel Lerner's 1959

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collection of essays, *The Human Meaning of the Social Sciences,* is still worth attending to. In this book, Shils' sensitivities show their philosophical limitations. He indicates that circumstances such as the decline of Christian belief and the progress of the life sciences have created a new moral situation. In a sense he is seeking for a functional equivalent to the sense of the sacred which traditional religions fostered for so long, for "what it was that for so long gave such persuasive power to Christianity."

To the question, is human life really sacred, he answers that "it is, self-evidently." The evidence for this is "the most primordial of experiences." This could become an observation which would lead to the development of a sophisticated argument about the facticity of the experience, and how obligations are inferred from it, but this Shils does not develop. Rather, perhaps due to the brevity of the paper, he hastens to special problems. Surgical interventions do not violate sanctity of life, though the "will and assent" of the patient must be given. Genetic engineering receives qualified acceptance. Cases of the taking of individual life are judged by the following criteria for the existence of persons: "the life of the individual human being, as an individuality located in a discrete organism, possessing consciousness of itself as an agent and patient both in the past and present, having the capacity for psychic 'self-locomotion' (i.e. capacities for perception, the amalgamation and ordering of perceptions, the storage and recall of cognitive, moral, and appreciative patterns, and the ability to choose and intend)." A body is a person when it has these capacities. Inferences drawn from this include the following: the fetus, "for much of the period of gestation," does not qualify; monsters or extreme idiots "have a putative capacity for individuality," and thus the matter is more difficult; euthanasia "is even more repugnant to our sense of the sanctity of life," etc. Shils himself admits that his self-evident sense of the sanctity of life offers only a guiding principle.

St. John-Stevas' position is familiar to readers of *Commonweal.* His moves between ethics and law are presented again in this book with the clarity we have come to expect from him. The law's acceptance of the value of human life is not explained by jurisprudence; it is rooted especially in religion, in the Christian view of man as person. The law has an obligation to protect the rights of persons even when the theological underpinnings are no longer part of the conventional beliefs. Thus the fetus has rights; innocent life ought to be protected by law, the famous Liège thalidomide case in which a mother put her eight-day-old deformed child to death substitutes "the standard of personal taste" for law, etc.

Paul Ramsey rests his case ultimately on a theological basis; life is sacred because it is valued by God. Good theological point. But, one can ask, what other things does God value in addition to physical life? E.g., qualitative aspects of life, etc. I suggest that one can take the fundamental theological point, find out what other things "God values" and set up a more complex moral situation than Ramsey opts for when he gets down to cases. Ramsey proceeds, once the theological point is made, to argue his case on more limited ethical grounds, and defends the distinction between direct and indirect taking of life more vigorously than many Catholic moral theologians wish to these days.

The motives and intentions of the agent "constitute a part, if only a part, of the meaning of righteousness," and thus the intention in morally approvable cases of abortion is the "*incapacitation* of the fetus from doing what it is doing to the life of the mother," not the death of the fetus. This opens wide issues for discussion: what is the relation of a more distant intention to particular intentions which determine particular actions? The intention of killing in war is the incapacitation of the enemy, and not his death, says Ramsey. Thus the surrender of the enemy is as effective as his death. Yes, but there are more specific intentions, and more long-range intentions, and the argument with Ramsey is whether the long-range intention gives sufficient justification for the act. Ramsey, of course, must qualify any position which opens the justification of means by ends in the light of his well-known regard for morality of means. The chapter is one of the clearest, most readable essays to come from the productive mind and pen of the Princeton moralist.

Dr. Henry K. Beecher's chapter is a concise summary of the issues of medical research on individuals; his writings on this question are of great value to anyone working in this area. He isolates his problem: "We are to be concerned here only with experimentation in one patient, not at all for his specific benefit, but, hopefully, for the benefit of patients in general." The moral issue is set: under what conditions might one justify risk to the health and life of one man for the potential benefit of many? There are two principal requisites set forth: the valid consent of the person (and this is dealt with in its complexity) and the presence of "an informed, intelligent, skillful, compassionate, responsible investigator" (and Dr. Beecher is aware of the difficulty of assessing precisely what these adjectives refer to). He cites twelve examples from medical history in which the meeting of these requisites is open to question. These, in more extensive detail, would provide a good agenda for intensive exploration. Beecher's comprehensive essay is an extraordinarily useful introduction to the issues of medical experimentation.

P. B. Medawar's essay on genetic development is largely an effort to clear away some current misunderstandings. Out of this he opts for a eugenic policy that will be confined to "piecemeal genetic engineering." For example, he sees growing possibilities of identifying the carriers of genetic defects, and then trying to discourage the carriers "from marrying each other by pointing out the likely consequences if they do so." One finds few enthusiasts for H. J. Muller's ambitious proposals for positive eugenics these days; both the lack of sufficient information and moral scruples (however defended) lead to more modest proposals such as Medawar's. Another recent small book, Frederick

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Osborn, *The Future of Human Heredity* (New York: Weybright and Talley, 1968), develops more extensively than Medawar's essay does both the state of knowledge and alternative proposals for its uses. Osborn shows more marked interest in the genetic factors involved in intelligence, and takes more seriously proposals for a eugenic policy which would raise the intelligence levels, than do some writers. He deals with these questions with sophistication. Dobzhansky's *Mankind Evolving* remains, however, the most rewarding book on the issues of genetics and eugenics that this layman has read.

The need for closer, more painstaking, interdisciplinary work which I suggested will become clear to the reader of this very good collection of essays. Abraham Kaplan, in his closing overview offers some criticism and additional matters to be discussed. I would like to see such a collection analyzed by some first-rate moral philosophers (whether identified with religious ethics or other ethics) to indicate what valence is given to circumstances, to scientific information, to reason and experience and feelings, to which normative principles and values. Such sorting out would be a first step toward indicating how some differences of opinion *might* proceed to be overcome. Until we begin to take such steps, however, the Reed College symposium and others comparable to it (for example, the Gustavus Adolphus College Nobel Conferences

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REVIEWERS

JAMES M. GUSTAFSON is a professor of Christian Ethics at Yale and chairman of the Religious Studies Department.

THOMAS MILLER is a freelance writer living in New York.

JOHN P. SISK is Chairman of the English Department at Gonzaga University.

JAMES H. SMYLIE is a professor of church history at Union Theological Seminary in Virginia.

KRISHNA PRAKASH GUPTA is a doctoral candidate in the Social Relations Department at Harvard University.

JAMES G. HART is a graduate student in the University of Chicago's Divinity School.

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which have issued in three books edited by John Roslansky: *Genetics and the Future of Man, The Control of Environment,* and *The Human Mind,* all published by North-Holland Publishing Co. in Amsterdam) provide us with indispensable information and ideas.

The Bag

SOL YURICK

Trident Press, $6.95

THOMAS MILLER

Imagine, if you can, a super writing team composed of: Hugh Selby, Jr., for violence and slum realism, Terry Southern for *Magic Christian*-vintage nasty humor, the *Armies of the Night,* Norman Mailer for impressionistic commentary on the New Left, Tom Wolfe, when he was new and we loved him, for frenetic, driving style, and I-don't-know-who for political sensibility. Then give the result to Mark Rudd for copy-editing. Or, substitute your own modern culture heros, if you want, just so long as they are smart, aggressive, and mean. If you are really lucky, the upshot of the team effort will be something as good as Sol Yurick's *The Bag.*

There is no single novel that I know of that compares with *The Bag. Catch 22* comes close, but *The Bag* is not quite so zany and it is much more up-to-date. In fact, *The Bag* is so up-to-date that one wonders how Yurick could have written this, waited for it to be published, and still have it timely. There is only one character that has not stood the test of time, modeled, alas, on the late Senator Kennedy, but even that is not so bad since Yurick's character is not so much a parody of Kennedy as a characterization of his style.

This is a novel of New Politics—everybody's New Politics, whether establishment, anti-establishment, black, white, militant, or non-militant. Yurick has jarred loose the subject from the pages of the *New York Times Magazine,* where it has languished in fustian prose, amid photographs of Berkeley girls sitting behind Free Speech Movement card tables. Now, in fiction, the subject comes alive.

The Bag is about Sam Miller, crazy writer turned welfare department caseworker, Meyer Faust, slumlord who lusts after a charity award, Senator Roy Bleakie and his minions, proponents of the politics of charisma and co-option, Hardison, the patient—maybe too patient—New Left leader, and Minnie Devlin, a great, grunting, screwing, freaking, artful Earth Mother A.D.C. welfare client.

Interspersed among them like spear carriers in the wings, are sundry addicts, artists, lesbians, black nationalists, insane little old ladies with shopping bags, rich literati, bureaucrats, and hippies. Those who are sick and tired of hippies will be happy to know that in *The Bag* they come off looking like jerks. Those who really dig insane little old ladies will be equally happy to know that *The Bag* contains a connoisseur's collection of them.

The novel is a slum-eye view of everybody as told by all of them. The transitions from character to character, and there are many such transitions, help unify the work, rather than fragment it. A scene that begins with an O.E.O.-style conference and ends with a ringing promise to bring the lumpen-proletariat into the twentieth century, suddenly cuts to Minnie Devlin sitting in her greasy kitchen laughing uproariously as she seduces her caseworker. *The Bag* is one big nose-thumb at sentimental politics.

It comes out straight for the influence school of political maneuvering. In *The Bag,* everyone is into the New Politics thing. But, of course, each character also has his own idea of what the New Politics is, and proceeds to act from his private definition. Hence, within the bag, there are bags within bags, and the characters wander around trying to co-opt everyone else.

The people who are best at "bagging" other people are, predictably, people like Senator Roy—who hardly appears in the novel in person, but whose ideas and satraps are always at work, sucking in the SDS types with promises of money and power, and riding roughshod over everyone who puts up a struggle. As Yurick shows, Senator Roy is sucess-

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ful because he is clean (his aides do the dirty work while he clucks in mock dismay at the cruelty of politics), and because he has the time and resources to play the game.

Case in point: Meyer Faust, slumlord, wants to win the Sons of Charity plaque, but who would give it to a slumlord, even with a heart of gold? He evolves a housing project that really helps the poor, and makes a buck for Faust too. But Faust needs government funds which Senator Roy is also gunning for. Faust fights, even enlisting SDS types, formerly his bitter enemies. Senator Roy steps in, wins. How?

Blackmail—but more, too. If Faust quits, Royboy will see that he gets the plaque. So Faust quits, wins the plaque for *not* helping the poor!

The SDS types are less trouble to get rid of. They are called to a meeting in a slum apartment, but when they arrive, there's nobody there. Just a room full of molotov cocktails, guns, etc. They turn to leave, and surprise! The hall is full of cops and photographers. So long project, hello Senator Roy.

Ultimately, however, Senator Roy doesn't win. The real purpose of anti-poverty money, one supposes, is to keep everything cool, but at the end of the novel, everything is far from cool. The culmination of all the maneuvering is one big bloody riot, gloriously self-destructive with undercurrents of revolutionary action. But Hardison, the New Left leader, realizes that the riot has come too soon. There hasn't been enough time to lay the foundation of words that makes politics out of anger. For just as the words keep Senator Roy on top, keep the Welfare Department busy, and provide the rationalizations for everybody's "bag", so it is the words that fire the New Left bag—better words, perhaps, but words none the less.

Or is it only words? Hardison says he believes in change through law and politics, but as he stands in the littered streets of the Lower East Side with a rifle in his hand, he thinks this: "Reason would no longer work: it had never worked. There was no persuasion possible in the face of self-interest." Nor is

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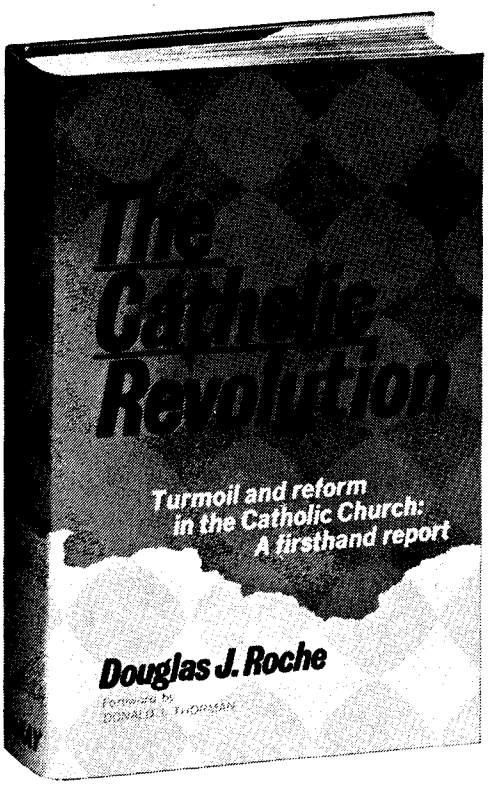

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there salvation through order, Hardison decides, as he raises his rifle to shoot.

To Abolish Children

KARL SHAPIRO

Quadrangle, $6.50

JOHN P. SISK

The simplest way to indicate to Karl Shapiro's public that it will feel at home in his new book is to list its heroes and villains. The heroes are Henry Miller, Whitman, William Carlos Williams, De Sade, D. H. Lawrence, Picasso, Rimbaud, Wilhelm Reich, Mailer and (with reservations) Pound and Auden. The villains are Eliot, Tate, Valéry, Yeats, Baudelaire, Wallace Stevens, Shakespeare, Plato and Vergil.

To see how this potential melodrama gets fleshed out and nuanced one might begin with the last and longest piece, which is about the fourteen hundred books in the Poet's library. Here the range is from Aristotle, "the opposite of a poet," to Yeats, in whom "is summed up all the phoniness of the art of poetry." This exercise in "alphabetical criticism" has great unity of theme and tone despite its appearance of being a free-wheeling ramble. It is witty, high-spirited and knowledgeable; the prose is excellent; the appreciation of literature turns out to be a good deal more catholic than one might expect given Shapiro's theories. This is the poet's manifesto and apologia (as of now, at any rate). It has what it needs to draw all the strings together: an epilogue to "Henry Miller and Myself" in which the latter gives the former credit for having taught him "the higher innocence" and having introduced him to De Sade, "the one writer in literary history who dared faced the consequences of the pornographic."

Shapiro's lines go back through Whitman to Emerson, particularly to the *American Scholar* essay with its declaration of literary independence from England and from all previous culture. This is especially clear in "Is Poetry an American Art?" and "The Decolonization of American Literature": English Literature is a dead literature in America; all things English are foreign; our literature is engaging in a Socratic dialogue with all previous values. To put it in Emerson's words, we have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe.

Shapiro shares with Emerson the overriding conviction that the past is not a school but a prison in which the masterworks of tradition are the wardens. In this view poetry becomes Literature ("a three-hundred-horsepower gadget") and is taken over by English departments which, having been corrupted by New Critics, inspire campus poets to manufacture more literature. The only salvation then comes from the anti-poet who by writing Bad poetry (that is, authentic poetry) subverts the establishments. Bad poetry will continue to move towards prose and will avoid the official language of poetry (Shapiro has a line to Wordsworth also). The Bad poet will be a poet of situation rather than language; obscenity may be his best means of attack; he will yearn to break out of poetry altogether; culture will not trick him into immorality and permanence; if he is fortunate he will be buried not in Westminster Abbey but in Potter's Field. Above all, he will not, like Eliot, turn into a Government Poet.

Eliot finally let up on Milton but Shapiro will not let up on Eliot. This is understandable given Shapiro's anarchistic acceptance of change and diversity, his suspicions of establishments and institutions (including his own well-established tradition of dissent), and his rejection of all orientations that assume that value comes from anywhere but the individual. Just as Miller is a good symbol figure who must be over-exalted, Eliot is a bad symbolic figure who must be overkilled.

In fact, nothing in *To Abolish Children* more clearly marks it as a book of the sixties than its tendency to overkill (I am thinking of a recent Benjamin DeMott essay on this subject). The first and title essay, much of which would be endorsed by such establishment overkillers as Max Rafferty and Malcolm

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Muggeridge, opens on a note of overkill: "Hardly a leader, whether president, general, public relations man, professor, publisher, or poet can be held to be honorable in his intentions." The book includes an episode from a novel-in-progress and even here overkill is of the essence: a chaotic night-town scene staged in a sprawling old mansion is climaxed by a drunken free-for-all and a fire.

Overkilling, God knows, has always been a thoroughly American pastime that is no more apparent in Vietnam than in the chase scenes in silent movies, in the tall tales of the old Southwest or in Wilt Chamberlain's dunk shot. I sense Shapiro's awareness of this fact in a remark about H. L. Mencken: "What really kept him going was a kind of good-natured anger, frequently fake. He burlesqued every aspect of democracy without ever pausing to consider the alternatives."

Shapiro's own anger is not fake, but like Mencken he often fails sufficiently to consider the alternatives. Perhaps he dare not, for to consider alternatives too closely is to risk becoming a captive of the irony-constipated world he abhors. But other risks remain: for instance, the risk of the square world's self-protective practice of identifying overkilling criticism of itself as humor and enjoying it immensely. Shapiro at his best deserves a better fate than this.

From Sacred to Profane

WILLIAM A. CLEBSCH

Harper & Row, $5.95

JAMES H. SMYLIE

The central insight of these reflections upon American life is contained in the title of the volume: *From Sacred to Profane.* Being an intellectual historian as well as an historian of the Church, Clebsch prefers what he calls an "intention-action description" of the role of religion in American history instead of an "ascriptive self-description" in which religion often advances claims about its influence on society. Although aware of the current debate over the term "secular," he uses language which emphasizes movement from "sacred" to "profane." The unintended but nevertheless salutary effect of religion has been to create a society, *pro-fanum,* meaning literally outside of the temple. If I understand him correctly, he wishes to deny any simple discontinuity between sacred and profane and to stress the dynamic quality of religion's interaction in all American life, which seems to be denied in the word "secular."

Relying upon resources researched in the Huntington Library, Prof. Clebsch proceeds to trace the process of profanation through what he calls six religious "campaigns." He suggests that these campaigns may be analyzed in terms of an "aspiration-achievement-adversity . . . morphology" or, to use his other terms, "need-campaign-success-failure." He first analyzes these campaigns schematically and then devotes successive chapters to chronological sequence. In this sequence he shows religion's propensity for innovation in

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the new world, for universal, personal, and equal participation in the life of the society, for a universal and adequate education for all persons, for a "fluidly normative, dynamically flexible, and prudentially teleological" private and public morality, an American nationality under God, and a cultural and religious pluralism manifesting itself in a contemporary "polypolitan" man.

In each of these campaigns, American churches undertook "sacred programs" which became "true achievements only by shucking their religious husks, thereby inviting the enmity of the very religious forces by which they were earlier cultivated." Prof. Clebsch has a fertile mind and this volume fairly bursts with fresh ideas. Sometimes profusion confuses. This is especially the case as he engages in several shifts throughout the book, from a schematic to a chronological approach, from the analysis of "campaigns" to that of "cities" in the last chapter, and often from one set of terms to another as he makes these various shifts. But the basic thesis is clear and he has succeeded in carrying the conversation about the relation between religion and American life to another level.

A crucial question emerges from reading these pages. How justified is the intellectual historian in pressing the relation between religion and American history into such categories as "secular," or, in this instance, "sacred" and "profane"? Whose categories are these anyway? Do they not have a history and imply certain theological presuppositions which must be traced before they may be employed with any accuracy to describe the American scene? When this reader hears these words he thinks primarily of Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic traditions, along with works of contemporary anthropologists such as Mircea Eliade. But Clebsch's book is about Protestantism, primarily. Gabriel Vahanian has argued that the terminology most important for an understanding of Protestantism has to do with waiting without idols and idolatry. This implies confession of God who is sovereign, who possesses his creation and creatures, who is jealous of his prerogatives, who is gracious in his wrath. All life is under God and there is no place which is more sacred than another place. There are faithful and unfaithful men, who may be unfaithful in the "sacred" temple, and faithful in "profane" America.

If this is so and Protestants have begun to employ terms such as "secular," "sacred," and "profane," then what has happened to Protestantism and some basic theological presuppositions necessary to understand Protestant Christianity? Only a closer examination of the basic conceptions of sacredness and profanity with regard to their use will allow us to assess Prof. Clebsch's assertions about the intention of religion in America, the nature of failure and the feeling of enmity which he suggests were the results of the various campaigns mounted to shape American life.

There is another question which arises from reading this volume. The author capsules several "campaigns,"

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concluding with a chapter on the "many cities of man" and the "many cities of God" which he now finds in a highly pluralistic America. In an age when many people are raising serious questions about the structures of American society it is surprising that he does not discuss the religious influence upon the Constitutional framework and political methodology expressed in the American Constitutional system.

This system, while providing considerable freedom for the various religious campaigns the author describes, has also created some order and some unity in the process. What was religion's contribution to the development and maintenance of this framework? Is the Constitution an aid or a detriment to the pluralism? Does the Constitution rest upon religious presuppositions which allow freedom for the interaction between religion and American society? Does the Constitution rest upon some kind of consensus about life together which must be preserved if the "polypolitan" man is to continue to mature? Recently John C. Bennett in *Christians and the State* (1958) and John Courtney Murray in *We Hold These Truths* (1960) have been exploring this important matter. Clebsch mentions the Constitution several times but does not subject the problem to careful scrutiny.

Thomas Pynchon's first novel was entitled *V* and the novel's hero was a Benny Profane. The hero engages in a quest for connections in history and tradition which give more than mere physical significance to life. Profane discovers within himself a sacred sense of responsibility which he cannot abandon and a sense of meaning in life which cannot be dismissed as senseless circumstance. In another manner, historian Clebsch has shown the complex and continual interaction between religion and American society, and his volume is a warning that too often and for too long a time this interaction has been greatly oversimplified. Professor Clebsch himself runs the danger of oversimplification through the employment of the unexamined terminology, "sacred" and "profane," and by neglecting one of the most obvious yet serious problems which has faced religion in American society, i.e., its Constitutional commitment.

Asian Drama

GUNNAR MYRDAL

Pantheon, $8.50

KRISHNA PRAKASH GUPTA

Once again, the familiar rhetoric of East-West distinction unfolds under the veneer of academic detachment. Myrdal's monumental study mixes jargon, common sense and a missionary desperation, to communicate a sense of unrelieved pessimism. Inappropriately titled *Asian Drama*, the study deals principally with India and only partially with other regions of South Asia. Although a disproportionate emphasis is given to economic matters, some effort is made to encompass the social, political, educational, and demographic "realities of the region." In each national case study, the author provides historical context to

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show how socio-economic stagnation came about—the limitations of the indigenous institutions, the consequences of the colonial powers' discriminatory policies and the continuing dilemmas of contemporary Asian leaders torn between emotional allegiance to traditional commitment to modernization.

An unusual aspect of Myrdal's work is his frequent disavowal of the so-called "modern approach," a rejection of Western concepts, and frames of reference in his analysis of development and underdevelopment in South Asia; and his attempt to present findings objectively and undiplomatically. Nevertheless, the process is deceptive in several respects.

First, in its almost encyclopedic coverage, the author has left a host of inconsistent statements. The most notorious example of this is in his pronouncement on the nature of general Asian values. Myrdal accepts the notion of a historically rational West and irrational East. He describes Asians in general as people "with low levels of work discipline, punctuality, and orderliness; superstitious beliefs and irrational outlook; lack of alertness, adaptability, ambition, and general readiness for change and experiment; contempt for manual work; submissiveness to authority and exploitation; low aptitude for cooperation; low standards of personal hygiene," and his view of Western culture is refracted by the same prism of ethnocentricity which he claims to have discarded: " . . . we of the West are by tradition disposed to be friendly to people in distress"; " . . . belief in progress [is] the very spirit of our civilization"; "The recent Western development of the Welfare state . . . has meant . . . a sharp reduction in laxity and arbitrariness, and a more just distribution of burdens according to people's ability to shoulder them." Myrdal seems to imply that the intrinsic propriety of institutional arrangements is an invariable correlate of economic development, fails to note that the West itself may be modern only in parts.

This major inconsistency reveals itself in various ways. Thus, Myrdal credits its agricultural successes in India to favorable monsoons but blames failures on poor work habits. Similarly, he acknowledges Islam's role in the land redistribution in Pakistan but maintains that religion is not an instrument of change.

In keeping with his claim to avoid the "modern approach," Myrdal bypasses much of the existing sociological literature on modernization. His assertion that "deficient" attitudes and institutions should be held mainly responsible for the abysmally low levels of living in South Asia may be a challenging statement in economics, but it is a cliché in sociology. His so-called "institutional approach" is a variant of anthropology's early functionalism; and his interpretation of "pre-conditions" overlooks the current recognition by social scientists that Asian institutional forms are in fact highly adaptable to development. Had Myrdal studied Japan, he would have found that kinship ties, paternalism and many other "obstacles" are not necessarily inimical to economic development.

Despite these minor limitations, Myrdal succeeds in revealing the impending gravity of the problem, and the self-deceptive policies of the "soft-states" of South Asia. His incisive analysis of the distance between ideals and realities in South Asia, and the empirical dilemma of gradualism vs. radicalism in the structure and process of growth shows perspicacious judgment. His loss of faith in the magical qualities of "foreign aid" may indeed be prophetic and inspire a reversal of hierarchies in national and international planning. The three volumes taken together constitute the first definitive attempt to transcend academic parochialism by combining the insights of history, economics and sociology. With a somewhat specialized perspective and textbook style, this study commends itself both to policy-makers and scholars.

Theology of Hope

JUERGEN MOLTMANN

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actual the power of Christianity in the modern (and future) technopolis.

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Moltmann though clearly writing a "secular" theology is much less "worldly" than Barth whom he often chastizes. In emphasizing the content of revelation in terms of the category of promise he finds no significance in the fact *that* there should be a revelation, or the epistemological question of what it could mean that *God* address us (through promises as well as other ways). The temporal heterogeneity which pervades the divine revelations in the history of

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religions is rejected. Indeed, the event of a divine disclosure does not seem to create any wonder and surprise—to say nothing of gratitude. Even the Resurrection is, for the most part, diluted to a pointer to our future or Christ's future Lordship. Any analysis of it in terms of the structure of a hierophany (e.g., primordial or founding time) is excluded by definition: Christianity is an eschatological religion; if the power of God were manifest now, God would not be future for us.

Many readers will want to argue with Moltmann on every page not only about his major thesis but also about his understanding of many of the authors he criticizes. Perhaps the most important question he poses for theology is whether there can be sensible talk of eternity. His project of a political theology and the resurrection of hope is very important. However I think the chief category of promise by which he throws into the future the essence of Christianity (thereby removing the "Greek influences") is not completely reliable for his purposes. The force of a promise cannot hang merely on its unfulfilled future. Promise as the pointing to the goal cannot be the ground of our hope or faith. A promise is what John Austin called a "Performative Utterance," i.e., it is not a mere description but a speech-act: in saying what I do I perform a speech-act of a certain kind. (Cf. "I promise," "I decree," "I order," etc.; see besides Austin, D. Evans, *The Logic of Self-Involvement.*) Promising is a certain kind of self-involving speech-act wherein the speaker commits himself to a future action in the very saying of it. In promising one binds oneself in a new way and in a new way stakes his reputation. A stranger can come up to us and promise something but it would probably seem queer. In any case our response would be more one of puzzlement than of hope. The meaning of such a promise would be minimal for he would not be staking a reputation. Nor do we have any way of knowing that he is in a position to promise this thing. (Suppose the stranger seemed to be a child or a robot.) The performative and self-involving force of an utterance on a particular occasion is part of its meaning. Thus in proportion to our previous knowledge of someone does his promise take on meaning for us and structure our response. That is, in as much as expressed self-involvement is intrinsic to the meaning of a promise, the less I know of the person promising the less I know of the significance of this act of promising.

The question of who is promising, then, does not seem to be extrinsic to the meaning of the promise nor to the nature of the response. In order for someone to promise and thereby expect a response of hope and expectation he must antecedently have made himself known. Now the kind of promises which founds the Christian hope requires quite a promiser and the event of disclosure of such a person would have to be quite an event. And that event's power might well provide a momentary experience of eternity or at least a radically heterogeneous experience of time that we would want to cherish, recall and regard as primordial. For Moltmann the decisive issue is not that *God* promised but that God *promised*; the latter emphasis enables us to be truly modern and secular men, the former is pretty much a fact for such men!

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 3)

open fire when the target reaches an agreed-upon spot." Professor Thompson equates a military ambush, where (as he says) "the various gunmen simply open fire," and a "precision" attack upon a single individual, where absolute synchronization and secrecy are essential to enable the assassins to kill their man and get away unobserved. Surely Professor Thompson remembers enough of his service in the Marines to appreciate the contrast between these two totally different operations?

2) The other "fatuity" imputed to me by Professor Thompson concerns the incident of Miss Mercer and the truck. On the morning of the assassination a Miss Mercer was driving her car through Dealey Plaza when she was held up by a stalled truck, from which (according to her deposition made that afternoon to the Sheriff's officer) she saw a man take out a case that she thought might have contained a gun. Mr. Mark Lane, in his *Rush to Judgment,* attached great importance to this incident, and castigated the authorities for their supposed failure to investigate it. As Professor Thompson pointed out in *Six Seconds in Dallas,* Mr. Lane spoke too soon: when the Warren Commission's archives became available

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they revealed that the F.B.I. did investigate the matter forthwith and satisfied themselves that Miss Mercer's suspicions were unfounded. (As for Miss Mercer's further allegations, made four years later to Mr. Garrison, that she actually saw a gun taken from the truck, and recognized one of the men in it as Jack Ruby, I have dealt with all this nonsense elsewhere, and will not waste space upon it now.)

Now listen to Professor Thompson: "What is most revealing about Sparrow's discussion of this incident is that he is so unfamiliar with the geography of the assassination site as to mistakenly place the incident in Dealey Plaza when in reality it occurred some two blocks distant! The list of fatuities [he continues] could be extended at will." True, Professor Thompson, in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* of ay 9, 1968, knocked such bottom as it had out of Mr. Lane's and Miss Mercer's structure of suspicion by pointing out that the incident almost certainly took place outside Dealey Plaza, and not close by the famous "grassy knoll," as Mr. Lane and I had assumed when we wrote our respective books. What Professor Thompson does not mention is that when he wrote his book he made exactly the same assumption himself (*Six Seconds in Dallas*, p.218).

I think "fatuity" is too strong a word for this false assumption, whether made by me or made by Professor Thompson; but I do not think that dishonesty is too strong a word for his procedure in attacking me for making it without revealing to his readers that he made it himself. JOHN SPARROW

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